

The

Times

FRUIT GROWERS HELD ANOTHER IMPORTANT MEETING YESTERDAY.



TENTH YEAR.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1891.

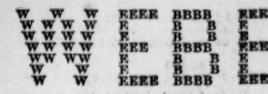
4:10 O'CLOCK A.M.

PRICE: SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.
BY THE WEEK, 3 CENTS.

STANDARD PIANOS.

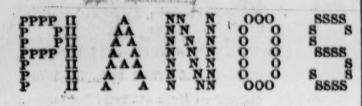
CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

And so are those elegant New Upright



PIANOS:

Which were specially ordered to supply the holiday trade. We show all styles of these favorite



From a

COTTAGE UPRIGHT

TO A

CONCERT GRAND.

And will sell them on as liberal terms and at low prices as is consistent with highest excellence.

BARTLETT BROS. & CLARK, 129 N. SPRING ST.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW LOS ANGELES THEATER, H. C. WYATT, Manager.

4 Four Nights Only—4 Commencing Thursday, Thanksgiving Night, November 28.

MR. MCKEE

Assisted by his talented young daughter, MISS PHYLIS RANKIN, in a charmingly selected repertoire of comedy, farce, and comedy sketches, and Friday evenings and Saturday Matinees, "CANUCK." Saturday evening, the latest New York success, "THE RUNAWAY WIFE." Popular prices—\$1, 75c, 50c and 25c.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—

TICKETS FOR THE

KENNON

L. EEE COO TTTT U U U RRR EEE
L. EEE COO TTTT U U U RRR EEE
L. EEE COO TTTT U U U RRR EEE
L. EEE COO TTTT U U U RRR EEE
ARE NOW FOR SALE AT DAY & FISHER'S, N. Spring st.

General admission \$1; gallery, 50c. 500 seats will be reserved at the extra: the remainder of the house, gallery excepted, reserved without extra charge.

Sale of reserved seats at GRAND OPERA HOUSE BOX OFFICE, NOV. 27 and 28, commencing at 10 a.m. sharp.

HAZARD'S PAVILION—

ADMISSION FREE.

S. K. K. A. TTTT U U U GGG
S. K. K. A. TTTT U U U GGG
S. K. K. A. TTTT U U U GGG
S. K. K. A. TTTT U U U GGG

10 to 12 a.m. 2 to 5 p.m., 7:30 to 10 p.m. (Sundays excepted). Saturday night, 7:30 to 11. Decorum rigidly enforced. School girls, skaters, etc., are not admitted. Skating and teachers approving. Pacific Coast Skating Association. J. L. WALTON, manager.

An indoor skating rink, "Los Angeles," at Tully's Gymnasium, takes place Tuesday eve, Nov. 24, 8 to 10 o'clock. Skating 7:30 to 8-10 to 11. Admission 25c, skating included.

A skating rink and skating carnival takes place (postponed from Nov. 21) Thursday eve, Thanksgiving—Nov. 28. Twenty eleven hours. Skating 7:30 to 8-10 to 11. Admission 25c, skating included.

NEW LOS ANGELES THEATER, H. C. WYATT, Manager.

THREE NIGHTS ONLY, MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28, 29 and 30.

COLUMBIA OPERA COMPANY.

MONDAY, CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA. TUESDAY, MARTHA. WEDNESDAY, CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.

POPULAR PRICES—\$1, 75c, 50c, 25c.

LUDLAM SCHOOL HALL, Y.M.C.A. Bldg.

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 27, DRAMATIC:—

R. R. EEE COO TTTT A L
R. R. EEE COO TTTT A A L
R. R. EEE COO TTTT A A L
R. R. EEE COO TTTT A A L

BY: MR. AND MRS. HENRY LUDLAM.

ASSISTED BY: MISS KATHERINE KIMBALL and MR. LUDOMIR LOMASZEVICZ.

First of a series of four Recitals. Tickets to the course, \$1.50. Single admission, 50c.

TURNER HALL.

FRIDAY EVENING, Nov. 27, 1891, at 8 o'clock. GRAND CONCERT, GIVEN BY JACOB

MM MM U U L L EEE RRR

MM MM U U L L EEE RRR

MM MM U U L L L L EEE RRR

The World Famous Baritone, assisted by MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW.

The eminent pianist.

The well-known pianist.

MR. ALBERT HAWTHORNE.

The great basso.

MR. BERT BIERLICH.

Gello virtuoso.

PROF. A. WILLETT.

Accompanist.

Tickets \$1, including reserved seat. Tickets on sale at Brown's Music Store, 111 N. Spring st. Box office open Wednesdays, Nov. 25 and Friday, Nov. 27, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

FIRST-ST. BASEBALL PARK.

BASEBALL:—

THANKSGIVING, Nov. 26.

SATURDAY, Nov. 28.

SUNDAY, Nov. 29.

SAN FRANCISCO.

VS.

LOS ANGELES.

Game called promptly 3 p.m.

RED RICE'S.

ED RICE'S, SUNDAY, NOV. 29.—One would not think that in the size of Los Angeles there would be such a difference in the selling price of furniture as there is at the various trade places; yet it is a positive fact that upon almost every article in the long list of goods the wise buyer will save a dollar or more. A gentleman who has been a close buyer and a judge of goods came to our place one day last week and bought a bill of furniture, and when he had got it home he made the candid statement that he had visited every principal store in town and that nothing what he was talking about he had bought at Red Rice's. It is the real buyer whose trade we want, as we have but one model of each article in stock.

When we get once your trade we shall surely keep it. We are offering some special good valuations, and we are offering a bill of goods than usual, having on hand a heavier stock than we are able to carry with our limited capital. We shall be pleased to receive your order of goods. In order to do so we propose to offer the low prices well the goods. You who know us will want to buy us out by calling that bargains await you this week at Red Rice's. Head 143 and 145 Main, at Los Angeles.

There are many stores; there is an extra nice lot of silver-plated ware; there is much crockery; there are piano billiard tables; yes, yes, whatever you may want it will please us to sell you for less than you can get like goods for elsewhere.

From a

COTTAGE UPRIGHT

TO A

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Popular prices—\$1, 75c, 50c and 25c.

FIRE INSURANCE.

INSURE—

—WITH—

DOBISON & VETTER, 214 S. Broadway.

O'CONNOR & DRAPER, The Leading Real Estate and Insurance Brokers of Southern California.

122 W. Second st., Los Angeles, Cal.

Guaranteed mortgages in all denominations for real estate, business, commercial and personal property.

WM. MEAD, Secretary, 209 S. Broadway.

STOCKS AND BONDS.

SECURITY LOAN AND TRUST CO. OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

122 W. Second st., Los Angeles, Cal.

Guaranteed mortgages in all denominations for real estate, business, commercial and personal property.

WM. MEAD, Secretary, 209 S. Broadway.

LOS ANGELES BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, Personal and mutual, second series open. H. T. LARSON, President.

J. H. BRALY, Secy.

E. F. SPENCE, Treas.

FIRE INSURANCE.

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—WITH—

DOBISON & VETTER, 214 S. Broadway.

O'CONNOR & DRAPER, The Leading Real Estate and Insurance Brokers of Southern California.

CHOICE ORANGE LANDS A SPECIALTY.

Call on or address O'CONNOR & DRAPER, Stewart Hotel Block, San Bernardino, Cal.

WAGNIERE ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING CO.

Brass Foundry and Machine Shop.

Machines repaired and exchanged.

Tool making and gear cutting. Electrical work and supply a specialty.

NO. 700 SPRING AND SEVENTH ST.

BALDRIDGE HOME PLACE.

DAILY TIMES—WEEKLY MIRROR.

Rates of Subscription.

THE TIMES, (8 PAGES DAILY, 12 pages Sunday) is published every morning. It prints the full news of the day, dispatches and is always ahead with the news.

TERMS OF THE DAILY AND SUNDAY:

BY MAIL, POST PAID.

One year, \$10.00 Three months, \$2.25 Six months, \$4.50 One month, \$5.00 Sunnly only per year, \$2.00.

25 cents per week.

DAILY AND SUNDAY, per week, \$8.00 DAILY AND SUNDAY, per month, \$8.00 Order to be carried, telephone, postal card or letter.

THE SATURDAY TIMES AND WEEKLY MIRROR, a 12-page paper of 72 columns, is published every Saturday morning. It prints the full news of the day, dispatches and the best class of matter relating to Southern California. Its specialty is news of the State. Price, \$1.00 per month, reduced September 5, 1891, from \$2.00 to \$1.00 a year; 8 months, 75 cents; 3 months, 40 cents.

PROMISES TO CLUBS—THE DAILY TIMES will print to clubs, \$1.00 per month, \$4.00 per year, \$10.00, post paid. With a club of five new subscribers to the SATURDAY TIMES AND WEEKLY MIRROR and \$10.00 a copy of the \$1.00 Premium is given free. Send for sample copies, free.

REMITTANCES—Give postoffice address in full, including county and State. If address is to be changed, give old address. The letter will be sent only for the time for which remittance is made. Remittances may be made either by draft, postoffice order, wire, Farno, or registered letter, at our risk.

TIME ADVERTISING RATES—First and second page advertisements, (classified), 5 cents per line daily; 10 cents per line per month; 25 cents per month. Display advertisements, \$3.75 per square foot per month. Other rates on application by mail to the editor, the counter. Six nonpareil lines make a square.

READING NOTICES—From 10 to 30 cents per line, each insertion, according to type.

WEEKLY ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements per square per week, 60 cents. Regulars, per square per month, one month, \$1.00. Second insertion, 60 cents per month, 26 cents. Reading notices in nonpareil, each insertion, per line, 15 cents.

POSTAGE—One cent pays for foreign domestic postage on daily or weekly paper, not exceeding 12 pages.

Address THE TIMES—MIRROR COMPANY, TIMES BUILDING, N.E. cor. First and Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

AN INSTITUTION FOR THE FURTHERANCE of the Christ work here on earth; practical healing for mind and body; the study of the universal language and application of the word of God as taught by Jesus of Nazareth; first course of instruction in the common languages, 10 a.m. to 2:30 and 7:30 p.m.; patients treated from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. daily; consultation free. For particulars, address THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL, M. B. & MRS. J. ANDERSON ROOT, 431 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

SANDWICH ISLANDS—A PHYSICIAN, who intends to spend the winter at the islands, will give free medical advice and treatment to any invalid to whom such a trip and change of climate may be of service. He will also give advice and can furnish the best of references in regard to medical ability and personal responsibility. Anyone who might desire to use this rare opportunity will please address to the editor.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS of Orange Lodge, No. 224, I. O. M. There is to be a joint meeting of the Lodge and Social Lodge, G. B. H. held this Sunday evening, Nov. 22, at 7:30 o'clock, at the Masonic Hall, 121 Spring st., for the purpose of electing officers for the Grand Lodge of Orange County, G. B. H. and G. No. 4 of California. All brethren of the order in good standing are cordially invited. By order of the president, S. A. LEWIS.

SPIRITUAL AND PSYCHIC INVESTIGATION meetings, Forest Hall, on Main st. near First. The following well-known medium will give a lecture: Mrs. Julia M. Hall, Mrs. E. L. Green, Dr. E. W. Florence Rich and others. Meetings at 7:30 and 7:30 p.m. Florence Rich and Mrs. Garrett, medium and spiritual writer, occupy the platform in the evening. Admission, 10c to each meeting.

A. L. SPIRITUAL SOCIETY—G. A. R. Hall, 6109 S. Spring. Prof. W. C. Morrison, author of "The Light of Salvation," followed by platform tests by Mrs. A. Baldwin, the lady who captivated the attention of the world. Admission, 10c to each meeting, 10c.

THE REPORT CURRENT THAT Mrs. A. J. Wells was received from the Hotel American, San Fran., by Rev. Mr. A. Baldwin, the lady who captivated the attention of the world. Admission, 10c to each meeting, 10c.

W. A. BENEDICT, MECHANICS & ENGINEERS, general express and baggage transfer, 877 S. Spring, 11th and 12th streets, moving a specialty. Tel. 549.

THEOSOPHY—ST. VINCENT'S HALL, at 7:30 p.m. Lecture by Miss M. A. Walsh. Subject: "Have we Lived Before? Shall we Live Again?"

THE LADIES' AID OF THE CEN-

TRAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH, W. 4th and Spring, Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 28, from 6 to 8 p.m. An excellent program commences at 8 o'clock. Admission, 25 cents, including refreshments.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, OLIVE ST., between Fifth and Sixth st., Rev. Franklin Bugbee, rector. Services 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Thanksgiving service Thursday, Nov. 21, 11 a.m. Rev. G. W. Webb, rector. Services 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Thanksgiving eve. Services 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Thanksgiving eve.

THE NEW CHURCH—TEMPERANCE, 11th and Spring, Broadway and Temple st., 11 a.m. Rev. G. W. Webb, rector. Services 11 a.m. Thanksgiving eve. Services 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Thanksgiving eve.

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FOR SALE

FOR SALE—LOS ANGELES MAY MARKET, near Aliso and Los Angeles st., all weights warranted; car-loads of hay and sacks of feed, full weight; bales of hay within 75 per cent. of weight; also bales of sacks, weighed for 5¢ each; hay bongos and sold on commission at \$1 per ton; seed barley and wheat, 5¢ per bushel; hay; seed samples on hand; all transactions C. O. D. JAS. RUSSELL. Telephone 224.

FOR SALE—\$2500 mortgaged on fine ranch. 400 acres, 1000 ft. above land. \$400 acre land at \$5 per acre. Houses and lots of installment plan. Rent from \$350 to \$10,000. Furnished and unfurnished rooms to rent. \$3000 to loan on good city property. S. P. TRESSLER, 141 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—SUGAR BEETS IN LOTS TO SUIT. The best, richest and cheapest feed for stock. Enquire N. E. corner of Compton and First ave. of J. C. MERRILL, 105 N. Broadway.

FOR SALE—40-ACRE SOFT-SHELL MUSSEL, orchard 3 years old and in first-class condition; there is water, and in the Wright Irrigation District; bonds \$20; this will be sold at \$7500. HANNA & WEBB, 204 N. Spring.

FOR SALE—A LOT OF NEW BEDROOM FURNITURE, including a large bed, and second-hand sets are selling for. See them at the WAREHOUSE, 422-424 S. Main st.

FOR SALE—FINEST LIVERY, SALE AND BOARDING STABLE in the city, doing a good business. Apply to J. A. PHILIPPA. Apply to P. O. BOX 1856, 141 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—CHICKENS—100 CHOICE FOWLS, with their pens, thoroughly prepared for sale; apply to MRS. COLES' premises, near cor. Hancock and George.

FOR SALE—BERKSHIRE AND POULTRY, land cleared for sale in lots to suit. Enquire at corner E. JEFFERSON and CENTRAL.

FOR SALE—SECOND-HAND DIMENSION lumber, \$10 to \$15. Apply east end of CARAVAN, 1000 N. Broadway, right away quick.

FOR SALE—LOVELY 3-SEATED SURFACES, \$100 to \$150. Apply to the PANORAMA BUILDING. Not for trade.

FOR SALE—1 BEDROOM SET, 1 feather bed, 35 yards matting. Call 1114 W. THIRD, between Main and Spring st., 23.

FOR SALE—CASH OR INSTANT—FOR ALL YOUR NEEDS, 211 N. Franklin st., Phillips Block.

FOR SALE—SECOND-HAND BUGGIES bought; sold and exchanged. EAST & MCMANIS, 405 N. Los Angeles st.

FOR SALE—CHEAP: BOILER AND ENGINE, 15-horse power. Call at HOLBROOK'S PIPE WORKS, 814 Requena st.

FOR SALE—GOOD, LIGHT CANOPY-TOP BROADWAY, with carriage, at No. 4300 S. BROADWAY. Call at 8. 24.

FOR SALE—\$165 J. & C. FISCHER piano; a great bargain; piano to fit. 609 S. Spring st.

FOR SALE—A COLUMBIA SAFETY IN excellent condition and very cheap. 524 S. Hill st.

FOR SALE—CHEAP, THOROUGHRED BROWN turkeys. 457 E. WASHINGTON ST.

FOR SALE—A FAIR YOUNG ST. grayhounds, 528 BANNING ST.

FOR SALE—CHEAP, A FINE STABLE. Apply to 505, NEW WILSON BLOCK.

FOR SALE—A FINE ORGAN, CHEAP for cash. 212 Los Angeles st.

FOR SALE—FURNITURE, CARPETS and curtains. 842 S. Main st.

27

FOR EXCHANGE

City property, exchange or sell. Jewelry store, Spring st., for city property.

Wheeler piano for lot, \$500.

6-room house in Blies tract for 20 acre ranch.

6-room house, Figueroa and First st., for 10 to 20 acres improved. \$2500.

6-room house, Cameria st. near Union Avenue, for 10 acres. \$2500.

6-room house, Georgia Bell st., or lot 23rd st. near Figueroa for 10 acres improved. \$3500.

6-acre farm, 100 ft. wide, in city. \$3000.

Long Beach, Santa Ana, Downey and Redondo dwellings and acreage for Los Angeles dwellings. \$10,000.

5-room house, 100 ft. wide, in city. \$2500.

5-room house, 100 ft. wide, in city. \$3000.

5-room house, 100 ft. wide, in city. \$30

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY,

PUBLISHERS OF THE

Los Angeles Daily Times, the Sunday Times, and the Saturday Times and Weekly Mirror.

H. G. OTIS.....President and General Manager.
W. M. A. SPALDING.....Vice-President.
ALBERT MCFLANDER.....Treasurer.MARIAN OTIS.....Secretary.
C. C. ALLEN.

Office: Times Building. Telephone numbers: Editorial, 674; Business office, 29.

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TENTH YEAR.

NUMBER 178.

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Second page.....204
Third page.....275Total.....506
Number of columns, 14.

Forthcoming Decennial Number of The Times.

The Los Angeles Times was founded December 4, 1881. On the 4th day of December, 1891, it will celebrate its decennial anniversary in a striking manner, viz: by the issuance of a special 24-page number that will largely take the place of the New Year's number.

The popularity which our special numbers has achieved is largely due to the fact that they are thoroughly reliable in the information conveyed. The Times has witnessed and faithfully chronicled each onward step of Los Angeles from the era of adobe to the era of brick, stone and iron.

These changes will be graphically portrayed in the Decennial Number. There will be a description of Los Angeles as it was in 1881, and of the city as it is today, with detailed information about its commerce, railroads, buildings, finances and other noteworthy matters. One of the most prominent features of the paper will be a carefully-compiled, condensed history of Los Angeles during the past ten years, with especial reference to the causes and evidences of its phenomenal growth.

Nor will the country be neglected. The description of the agricultural resources and development of Los Angeles county, as published in the Mid-summer Harvest Number, having met such an unprecedented demand for circulation in the East, we have determined to again make in the coming issue an elaborate presentation of the same line of facts, thus making the paper a complete guide to all that is noteworthy in Los Angeles city and county. A large edition will be printed.

If reports from Brazil are to be credited, Dictator Da Fonseca will soon be rated in the same category with Dictator Balmaceda.

In the town of Huron, Iowa, the other day, Mary Allen held her hand on a derringer while she refused the hand of an objectionable suitor, and when he pulled his revolver she took the drop on him and broke his pistol arm. There is a girl and a gun with some snap.

Dr. John A. Brooks consults the book of Revelations and the signs of the times and predicts that all Europe will soon be involved in bloody war. He and Col. Duncan of this city may join forces and blast the combatants with one glance of the latter's *mal d'oeil*.

A subscriber who pays \$12 receives The DAILY TIMES for one year and the Encyclopedia and Gazetteer as a premium. He thus secures a fine reference book at about one-third of the publishers' price, a book which averages 3500 useful words for a cent. Think of it! No man is so poor that he need be illiterate.

In an interview on his arrival home in New York, Mr. Judge, the apostle of Theosophy, speaks kindly of the West. "I find," said Mr. Judge, "that the people of the West are far more liberal minded than those of any part of the world I have yet visited. They meet the question on fair grounds and are glad to discuss it and to hear it discussed. In Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Denver and many other Western cities the people are greatly enthused and the meetings are all largely attended. The Western movement gives promise of a great success." Mr. Judge is a mahatma and a connoisseur of good liquor.

The right of a colored man to purchase refreshments at a bar has been put to a legal test in New York. Action was brought by T. Thomas Fortune, editor of the New York Age, a paper devoted to the Afro-American interests, against James Trainer, the keeper of an eating house. Trainer refused to sell him a glass of beer and put him out of his place of business. The jury awarded Fortune \$825 damages for assault. This, however, does not meet Mr. Fortune's purpose, which was to vindicate the right of an Afro-American to be served at a place of public resort. Judge Trux, of the Supreme Court, told the jury that men of Trainer's business had a right to refuse to sell to anyone, at their pleasure, and thus the verdict was for simple assault.

People who go but little beneath the surface of things will not have hard work to make themselves believe that Senator Stanford's political strikers have played a leading part in the recent third party fight at Indianapolis. The Senator's friends are very anxious to have a third party in the field, with the backing of the Alliance, if possible, but without if they can't do better. A third party in the field means the nomination of Stanford—for the trickster leaders of these virtuous patriots of the anti-monopoly brand will promptly fall upon the Senator's breast for the sake of the sack and success—and then the game of the strikers is to force him upon the Republican party. We believe that the forcing part cannot be accomplished. If by hook or by crook it should be, then it means defeat for the Republicans.

attacks. You must acquire that fortitude and strength of purpose which will place you beyond the danger of being coughed down. You must not be any questions on the score of being women. You should be strong and brave and independent. You must, like young soldiers, be ready to submit yourselves to the "toughening process." You must conquer and command respect in public matters if you ever expect to enjoy it.

Now, we regret to say it, but such action as your Friday Morning Club has taken does more to write down your incapacity to exercise the political franchise than any score of rabid anti-women's rights could accomplish with all their arguments and sneers. The good-natured little sallies, written by a woman, not against your own public acts, but against the theories of a man who addressed you in a semi-public way, are not a "marker" to what you would have to encounter if you were launched on the sea of politics. And yet your moral force does not seem to be equal to even this slight test. You cringe under it and shrink away, and cry for quarter, and want to plead the baby act.

Every organization of men or women has the right to choose whether its proceedings shall be public or private. If it elects to make them private, it generally has little difficulty in keeping them so. The Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, the Ancient Order of United Workmen, the Good Templars and a thousand other organizations, are never troubled with reports of their proceedings. Even a public body like the City Council or the Board of Education can draw the line up to which its proceedings are laid before the public, and beyond which they are not.

A State legislature or a house of Congress goes into executive session, and its secrecy is protected. But let any one of these bodies attempt public or semi-public proceedings and notify the press that it proposes to exercise a censorship over their reports—let it suggest that it will furnish its own reports, drawn up by its secretary, which the newspapers are expected to publish, and imagine the result! Such a body would soon be praying for the mountains to fall upon them. Now, ladies of the Friday Morning Club, you made just this mistake: You courted publicity, and a rather enjoyed it as long as it was entirely to your liking; in fact, we know from much experience that you would have complained had your proceedings been ignored by the press; but the moment that its reports took the slightest turn toward independent judgment and criticism, you became panic-stricken and demoralized. You were not equal to the task you had voluntarily undertaken. If, now, you find that you would prefer to have your proceedings entirely private, that is your privilege, or you may adhere to your latest resolution, and offer for publication only such "cooked" reports of such part of your proceedings as you choose. Though THE TIMES will none of them, some newspapers may be sufficiently lacking in self-respect to publish these patched-up reports. But such reports will do you no good; and you will soon find the interest in your organization flagging. You cannot escape the discredit of having undertaken something and failed in it; at least, you will have demonstrated that you do not possess the moral courage to conduct public business in an untrammeled, fearless way.

Some women are made of sterner stuff. But they are not generally found among the curled darlings who pose as leaders of society. They are the working women—the shop girls, the clerks and book-keepers and cashiers; the newspaper and other professional women who have gone out into the world and battled with it on the same plane as the men. They have taken its hard knocks and have been ground against its sharp corners. By fighting and overcoming they have gained strength to withstand any kind of an onslaught. These are the women who never ask an advantage or cry for quarter. Some of them go down in the terrible conflict, but they are never coughed down. These are the women who are working out with hands and brains the real problem of equal rights for women, and they are slowly and surely gaining the day. The dilettante sisters who meet in a semi-public way and talk woman's rights and woman's wrongs may make more noise about the matter, but their hearts stop beating for a time if their gentle cooing reaches the public ear. They amount to nothing in the great struggle.

The question of woman's rights is not a matter of abstract public policy, to be decided in an off-hand way by legislation. It is a deep social and economic design, and must be patiently and laboriously inwrought with every thread of our industrial fabric.

Ladies, the curtain lecture is finished. You may take it in good part and appropriate it to your own benefit if you choose, or you may ruffle your pretty feathers and say that it is "perfectly outrageous"—the coarsest and most brutal thing you ever heard of. But it is good, plain, United States common-sense, just the same, and some day you or your daughters after you, will come to consider it in that light, and vote THE TIMES a unanimous resolution of thanks. Your cause is on trial, not ours. Whether you will be worthy exponents and advocates of it or not depends solely upon yourselves.

Run over.
John McDermott was run over by a dump cart about 2 o'clock this morning, near the postoffice, and sustained severe injuries. He was taken to the police station for treatment.Tariff Pictures.
[New York Press]

Ladies, the demagogues of free trade would have you believe that the tin plate clause of the McKinley bill is making your canned fruit dearer. Look at the figures for yourself. Fruit can that cost 65 cents a dozen in October, 1890, sold at

54 1-4 cents a dozen

in September, 1891, and the tin plate clause went into effect only in July last. Wait till it does its work, and you will see prices go down as fast as a dog going down hill with a can tied to his tail.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Gov. Hill is to be sued for slander for having charged that Senator Vedder made money out of a Chicago land deal.

Charles Dickens's granddaughter, Miss Mary Dickens, a daughter of his son Charles, is just publishing her first novel, "Cross Currents."

J. Montgomery Sears of Boston pays \$200,000 a year in city taxes. As most of his property is in real estate he can't dodge the collector.

Dr. Paul Thorndike of Boston, to whom Miss Rachel Sherman is engaged to be married, is the son of the late Dr. William Thorndike of Milwaukee, where the bridegroom-elect has a brother living.

John Parnell is making preparations to leave Atlanta, Ga., to enter upon the possession of the estate of his brother, Charles Stewart Parnell. It is stated that he inherits the property, Mrs. Parnell receiving only a life interest.

Gen. Nelson Monroe of Boston is a nephew of President Monroe. He is otherwise distinguished as the next-to-oldest member of the Sons of Veterans and as champion of the "9th" Legion Law. Gen. Monroe's father, the President's brother, is living at the advanced age of 86.

FOREIGN NOTABLES.

The present secretary of Ireland, Mr. Jackson, is a tanner by trade.

The King of Greece is an accomplished linguist and is a master of a dozen languages. And he knows how to hold his tongue in all of them.

Somebody has discovered that Baron Fava's elevation to the rank of a plenipotentiary of the first-class indicates that honors don't go by fava in Italy.

President Carnot has the decorations of the Dragon from Anam, the Elephant from Denmark, and the Lion from Persia. Tammany should confer upon him the Order of the Tiger.

The reigning family of Germany don't seem to sleep well. At 7 in the morning, William, the Empress, and the three elder Princes, with four grooms attending, leave the palace for their regular daily horseback ride.

No wonder Archduke Johann's ship went down or was badly strained at least. His full name, which was used for ballast probably, was Johann Nepomucene Salvator Marie Joseph Jean Ferdinand Balthazar Louis Gonzague Peter Alexander Tenobius Antoniu.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

Woman, as a rule," says a writer in the Spectator, "would almost rather sacrifice much than risk much."

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's pet fad is the keeping of Java sparrows, canaries, goldfinches, cockatoos and love birds.

Mrs. Sarah Erkfeldt of Philadelphia, 106 years old, is just getting out her first pension papers. Her husband was a soldier in the war of 1812.

The fair Duchess of Portland has 950 women pledged to her Society for the Protection of Birds. None of them will wear or encourage the wearing of any song bird's plumage.

Miss Kate Field moves to amend the resolution of the dress-reformers. To the injunction, "Let us be appropriately clad," she would add: "Let us also continue to be pretty." That deranges things.

"America today possesses over 1000 women physicians and nearly 100 ordained women ministers. Fifty-six of the sex became women physicians as early as 1882, and the number has greatly increased since then.

The German Empress has formed a League for the Preservation of Good Habits among the Prussian ladies. The members bind themselves to discourage luxury, to wear simple dresses and to practice economy in the household.

BRIEF MENTION.

There are 800,000 more widows than widowers in England. In France for every 100 widowers there are 194 widows.

A farmer in Missouri grafted a tomato vine into a potato vine and got two crops out of the top and the other from the roots of the plant.

After the 1st of December the State of Illinois will pay a bounty of 2 cents a head for every English sparrow that is killed within the limits of the State.

The largest sheet or pane of glass in the world is set in the front of a building on Vine street, Cincinnati. O. It was made in Marseilles, France, and measures 180x104 inches.

John J. Taylor of Streator, Ill., once wrote 4100 words on the blank side of a postal card without artificial aid. While he was doing this he might have done something profitable.

A cow with seven legs is owned in Athens, Ga. The extra limbs grow from the top of her shoulder, so she can't kick any harder when being milked, than if she had only the usual four.

"Queensware" is so called from the fact that when, in 1763, Josiah Wedgwood perfected earthenware for table use the British Queen was so greatly pleased she gave it her name and patronage. Therefore the word "queen" was stamped on all such dishes made by Wedgwood.

The Spanish Cabinet Resigns.
MADRID, Nov. 21.—As all politicians of Spain seem to approve the programme announced by the Conservative party, all members of the council have retired from the positions they occupy. The Queen regent accepted the resignation of the council and charged Señor Cartillo with the task of forming a new ministry.

Houk Succeeds His Father.

KNOXVILLE (Tenn.) Nov. 21.—Fragrant returns from the special election to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Congressman Houk, indicate the election of his son John G. Houk over J. C. Williams (Dem.) by a majority of between 6000 and 7000.

An Archduchess Wedded.

VIENNA, Nov. 21.—The marriage of the Archduchess Louise of Tuscany and Prince Friedrich Augustus of Saxony, was marked with royal pomp and circumstance. The ceremony was solemnized in the Imperial Chapel today, the Cardinal Prelate of Vienna officiating.

Papal Appointments.

ROME, Nov. 21.—The Pope has appointed the Bishop of Chiconitimo, province of Quebec, Canada, to be coadjutor of the Archbishop of Quebec, with the right of succession to the archiepiscopate. The Vicar General of Quebec, all members of the council have retired from the positions they occupy. The Queen regent accepted the resignation of the council and charged Señor Cartillo with the task of forming a new ministry.

The Democracy Called.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 21.—Secretary Sherrin of the National Democratic Committee has, by direction of Chairman Brice, issued a call for a meeting of the Executive Committee at Washington December 8.

Killed by An Explosion.

CHATTANOOGA (Tenn.) Nov. 21.—At Mento Gap, forty-five miles below here, a saw mill boiler exploded, instantly killing two young sons of the proprietor, T. P. Battens.

Confessed on the Gallows.

SAVANNAH (Ga.) Nov. 21.—William Blash (colored) was hanged at Mt. Vernon today for the murder of R. T. Bonex October 5. Blash confessed his guilt on the gallows.

Set for Trial.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 21.—The case of M. P. Curtis, charged with the murder of Policeman Grant, was set for December 14 this morning.

The Los Angeles Times: SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1891.

MANAGER LEEDS.

He Thinks the Traffic Association will be a Success.

San Diegans Think Their Suspended Bank will Resume.

A Curious Litigation Begun in San Bernardino County.

Mrs. Hattie Moore Gets a Slice of Millionaire Moses Hopkins's Wealth—Fatal Gunning Accident at Newport Coast Notes.

By Telegraph to The Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 21.—[By the Associated Press.] J. S. Leeds, who is expected to assume the duties of traffic manager of the new Traffic Association, arrived today from Chicago. He was met at Martinez by J. B. Stetson, president of the association, who accompanied him to this city.

Speaking of the traffic association's motives he said: "I see no reason why an association such as is contemplated should not benefit the entire State as well as this city. Everything done must be within certain broad lines, and an earnest effort must be made to change by degrees the system that has been built up for years. One thing, for example, that has been discussed is the attempt to secure a reduction of the rates on fruit and other products leaving the State. This would certainly operate directly to the benefit of the people of the interior and indirectly of course to those of San Francisco. This should be borne in mind at all times."

The chief advantage, I should say, to be derived from an association of this kind is in the organization. You will notice that the railroads have all been thoroughly organized, while the shippers have acted independently, often working against each other's interests. Association would change all that and render possible at all times united action. In this lies its strength, and to that we must look for its power for good in adjusting all differences that may arise and have arisen from time to time."

Mr. Leeds will remain in the city for several days, and it is probable a meeting of the association will be called early in the week for the purpose of conferring with him.

FLOODED LANDS.

A Suit for Damages Against the Bear Valley Irrigation Company.

SAN BERNARDINO, Nov. 21.—[By the Associated Press.] Yesterday John C. North commenced suit for \$20,000 against the Bear Valley Irrigation Company. Damages are claimed by him on account of the Bear Valley reservoir flooding a portion of a quarter section of land owned by him. The land has been flooded for nearly eight years.

North purchased the tract last May, knowing it was flooded land. North was president of the Bear Valley Irrigation Company, but about a year ago his management became very unsatisfactory and his relations with the company ceased. Since then he has purchased the land referred to and commenced the suit for damages.

TO OPEN ITS DOORS.

San Diego's Suspended Bank May Soon Resume Business.

SAN DIEGO, Nov. 21.—[By the Associated Press.] It is now believed that the recently suspended California Bank will be enabled to resume business in a short time. Arrangements are understood to

MUNICIPAL MATTERS.

The Extension of Figueroa Street Again Revived.

A Pamphlet Giving Its History from the First Survey.

Meeting of the Finance Committee of the Council.

Money to be Transferred to the School Fund—The New Chemical Engines—Zanja Business—Build-ing Permits.

The opening of Figueroa street from Pico street north to the city limits is again being agitated, and a pamphlet bearing the title "Figueroa Street—How It Has Been Obstructed," has made its appearance, and was scattered about the City Hall yesterday afternoon. The pamphlet goes into the matter at some length, and contains a diagram explaining the situation, and gives a brief history of how the street was closed up and the efforts to open it afterward. The pamphlet states that the street was laid out in the Hancock survey, in 1853, and that Stephenson's map, issued in 1876, shows the street as originally laid out. The new edition of the same map, issued in 1884, shows the street as crossed and cut up by private property lines, but the lines of the street are still distinctly drawn to show that the rights of private parties were disputed. The late map of Rowan & Koehler ignores the lines of the street where it has been inclosed, and only shows such portions as have not been claimed. The pamphlet then goes on to give the opinion of the City Attorney on the matter, given in 1884, wherein it was shown that the city still claimed the street.

One of the Councilmen yesterday stated that the case was similar to that of Broadway, which caused so much discussion. It is not known whether any action will be taken by the Council or not, as the matter has been frequently agitated.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

The Finance Committee of the Council met in the City Clerks' office yesterday afternoon, and transacted the usual routine business. A number of demands were approved, and several erroneous assessments were recommended to be corrected. The committee recommended that the demand of the Los Angeles Cemetery Association, amounting to \$2500, for damages to the cemetery property be rejected. The following recommendation was also adopted:

In response to the request from the School Board for a temporary transference of funds from some other city fund into the school fund so as to make it possible for teachers to obtain their salaries, we recommend the transference of \$18,000 from the cash fund, as that amount will meet the emergency for November salaries, the same to be retransferred as soon as condition of school fund will permit.

SCRAP HEAP.

The people of the hill districts are considerably exercised over the action of the Fire Commissioners in placing the new chemical engines outside of their limits. It is urged that the engines were purchased with the distinct understanding that one, at least, would be located on the hills, and Councilman lines will introduce the following resolution in the council tomorrow:

Whereas we learn that the Fire Commissioners contemplate placing one of the chemical engines at or near the corner of Sixth and Pearl streets; and

Whereas, the unprotected condition of the hill district was what led the Council to vote money for the purchase of two chemical engines, with the understanding that one of them was to be located near First and Belmont or Union avenue; now therefore, be it

Resolved, that the Fire Commissioners be requested to so locate one of said chemical engines, and that the City Clerk be instructed to present the Board of Fire Commissioners with a copy of this resolution.

ZANJA BUSINESS.

The Zanja Committee of the Council yesterday agreed, in the matter of the petition from the Los Angeles Electric Company for permission to change the line of the zanja now running along Palmetto and Alameda streets, so as to run as follows, commencing at a point on said Palmetto street, 300 feet easterly from the east line of Alameda street, running thence 100 feet or 180 feet southerly along a line parallel with Alameda street, thence easterly 300 feet to a connection with the existing zanja at that point, to recommend that the same be granted. All work is to be done at the expense of the petitioners, and the city's interests duly protected. The electric company is to put up a new building, which necessitates the change.

NEW BUILDINGS.

The Superintendent of Buildings last week issued fifteen permits, aggregating \$29,034. Following are permits for \$1000 and over:

F. G. Ingraham, street, between Union and Vernon avenues, frame dwelling, \$1000.

J. S. Tolhurst, 2824 Flower street, frame dwelling, \$2500.

John W. Los Angeles, Hewitt street, between First and Second, school house, \$14,190.

Same, corner Ann and Magdalena streets, raising and repairing school house, \$6494.

Fruit Evaporator.

The Monteith Steam Fruit Evaporator, large size, thirty tray capacity, is in full operation daily at 446 South Spring street. Fruit growers and the public generally are highly pleased with the simplicity and perfection of the evaporator and its work.

Pacific Loan Co's.

Great \$40,000 Silver Sale at 215 South Broadway (Potomac Block) No Misrepresentation Allowed. We're a Guarantee Every Purchase.

And will return the money with pleasure in case of dissatisfaction from any cause, provided the goods are returned within 24 hours.

Open for exhibition and inspection Tuesday, Nov. 24th. Music by Douglas' Military Band. Wednesday, Nov. 25th.

A Card of Thanks.

I desire, through the medium of THE TIMES, to thank the many kind friends who rendered such valuable assistance during my beloved wife's last illness, and also those who, with their words of sympathy, offered me consolation in my sad bereavement. For the many acts of kindness and sympathetic words so freely given by our friends, I am most grateful. Yours respectfully,

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

PASADENA.

Work Done by the City Council Yesterday.

A Meritorious Concert by the Apollo Club.

Quarterly Meeting of Good Templars Held Here.

Carl Freese the Hero of a Romance—People Coming and Going.

The News in Brief.

The Times is delivered and distributed in Pasadena at an early hour every morning. The branch office is at No. 50 East Colorado street.

The Council met in regular session yesterday afternoon, President Lukens in the chair, and all trustees present.

The minutes of the last previous meeting were read and approved.

Ordinances were passed, establishing the official grade of Madison avenue between Colorado and Walnut streets, and of Walnut street between Raymond and Marengo avenues.

A report was read from the Committee on Streets and Alleys and the City Attorney stating that the property-owners on California street between Orange Grove avenue and the Arroyo Drive have agreed to sign a written consent to have the official grade of this thoroughfare changed.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton and family, recent arrivals from the East, have taken up their residence at 480 Kensington Place.

The City Council met in regular session yesterday afternoon, President Lukens in the chair, and all trustees present.

The minutes of the last previous meeting were read and approved.

A. H. Leonard asked for a rebate of \$13.20 on taxes. The communication was laid over.

The report of Chief Turbett of the fire department for the month of October was read and placed on file.

Samuel Chapman's widow read from Samuel Chapman asking that Banbury avenue, Chapman street and Pasqual avenue be declared vacated. Referred to the City Attorney.

The Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds recommended that Miss Hasse, of the Los Angeles Library, be employed to clean and repair the Pasadena Public Library for a sum not to exceed \$25. The recommendation was adopted.

A recommendation of the Committee on Fire and Water was adopted to the effect that the City Clerk be instructed to advertise for bids for lighting the city during the coming fiscal year, bids to be received for one and two years and for 40, 45 and 50 lights.

The Committee on Auditing and Finance recommended the payment of bills to the amount of \$4915.60. The following transfers of funds were also ordered on recommendation of the committee: To the fire and sewer sinking fund from the library sinking fund \$60.33 from the library fund, \$66.49; from the sewer fund, \$290.32. Also that \$2600 be transferred as a loan from the fire and sewer sinking fund to the general fund, and \$500 from the sewer fund to the general fund.

Thomas Nelmes addressed the board on the subject of the closing of the California street west of Orange Grove avenue.

Carl Hartwell was granted a rebate of 28 cents on taxes.

A gentleman addressed the board with regard to the purchase of new and improved sprinkling wagons. The matter was referred to the Committee on Streets and Alleys, with power to act.

THE APOLO CLUB CONCERT.

There was not as large an audience present at the Apollo Club concert on Friday evening as the merits of the entertainment deserved, but what it lacked in numbers it made up in enthusiasm. The Los Angeles singers were assisted by J. Bond Francisco, violinist, and Miss Beatrice Francisco. Mrs. M. A. Larabee was the accompanist, and Mr. R. E. Paulsen acted as conductor. The chorus work was uniformly well done and was well received with applause. Mr. Francisco appeared in two numbers and had to respond to an encore on his last appearance.

The program was as follows:

"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," glee (Bishop).

"Bedouin Love Song" (Pinault).

"Sun, No. 2, movements (Ries); 1, Allegro non Troppo; 2, Tempo de Bourree—J. Bond Francisco.

"The Will-o'-the-Wisp" (Maas).

"The North Wind" (Scott Gatty).

"Moonlight" (Raff).

"There Lived a Lady, Long Ago," ballad (Vogrich); b. Impromptu, Slavic (Horn).

"Bye-Lo-Land" (Macy).

Mozart, Op. 26 (Alex Zarzycki)—J. Bond Francisco.

"Day is At Last Departing" (Raff).

"Sweetheart" (Woodman).

PULPIT AND PEW.

The series of meetings held by Rev. T. D. Garvin of this place at the Los Angeles Christian Church closed last night. During the meeting fifty persons were added to its membership. The church is now fully equipped to carry on a successful work. Elder Garvin will now devote his entire time to his work. His subject this morning will be "The Church of Christ in A. D. 91, and A. D. 1891," and in the evening he will lecture on "Buddhism and Brahmanism Compared with Christianity."

The services at the First Presbyterian Church today will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. G. Price. The evening subject will be "Jesus in Potiphar's House." This will be the closing day of the Friends' quarterly meeting.

Rev. J. W. Phelps will preach morning and evening at the Methodist Church.

At All Saints' Church this evening Bishop Nichols will hold confirmatory services.

The unusual afternoon service will be held at the Church of the Angels, Garvanza. These services are well attended by Pasadena.

Regular services are held each afternoon at the Calvary Presbyterian Church on Columbia street.

LO! THE POOR JACKS.

The Valley Hunt held its first meet yesterday. At 1 o'clock about a dozen riders and a number of the Hunt assembled at the Painter Park near Devil's Gate, where a delicious lunch was enjoyed. Later on the hunt took place. The course lay in the direction of La Canada and several exciting chases were had before the trip home was taken late in the afternoon.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bolt, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Daggett, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Right, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell, Dr. and Mrs. F. F. Rowland, C. F. Holder, Dr. J. M. Radebaugh, W. R. Staats, Mr. Livingston, Mrs. C. Martin, Mrs. Gilmore, the Misses Hale, Miss Reed, Miss Hall, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McClintock, Mrs. Rose.

VISITING GOOD TEMPLARS.

A large number of Good Templars were in town yesterday in attendance upon a quarterly meeting of the Los Angeles county district lodge. The meeting convened in the morning at Odd Fellows Hall on South Fair Oaks avenue. The morning and afternoon sessions were devoted to the transaction of routine business and the conferring of degrees upon quite a number of candidates. The public meeting was held in the evening. The exercises were of a most entertaining character. The visitors were handsomely entertained by the members of the Pasadena lodge.

She LOVED HER FOSTER BROTHER.

The social editor of the Crown Vista relates the following story concerning a former well-known Pasadena:

"Many Pasadenaans will remember Carl Fréte, who was conspicuous in Pasadena's past, and will be pleased to learn that he has fallen heir to a substantial little for-

tune, in the neighborhood of \$50,000, with which quite a little romance was connected. It is to be noted that when Carl was a lad he was adopted by a wealthy gentleman having an only daughter. The young people grew up together as brother and sister, and it was not until Carl was married that he realized his foster sister had long felt a romantic attachment for him. Upon the death of the parents, the young girl was left penniless, sought by many suitors, never married. Dying recently, and true to her youthful affection, she bestowed her fortune upon her foster brother."

LOOK OUT FOR SNEAK THIEVES.

Yesterday morning a ladder was found resting against Mrs. Tislon's residence in the southwestern section of town. Investigation showed that some thief had used it to enter the second story of the house the night before. For some unexplained reason the intruder left without any booty. Report says he is a foreigner, and although sought by many suitors, never married. Dying recently, and true to her youthful affection, she bestowed her fortune upon her foster brother."

BRIEVES.

The Choral Society held a rehearsal last night.

Yesterday's overland arrived nearly half a day late.

Mr. Grinnell, father of Dr. Grinnell, is improving in health.

A small amount of snow could be seen yesterday on the top of Old Baldy.

Tax Collector Steen was ill yesterday and City Clerk Campbell attended to his duties.

The new time table goes into effect on the Santa Fe road today. Don't miss your train.

Miss Elsie Lillyblade of Denver is stopping at Dr. Davis' residence on East Colorado street.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton and family, recent arrivals from the East, have taken up their residence at 480 Kensington Place.

Quite a party of excursionists who arrived on the Raymond train yesterday made Pasadena their stopping place.

The arrival of a son yesterday in the family of Mr. Twombly, of the firm of Bond & Twombly, was the occasion of much joy.

The People's Society for Ethical Culture will hold a regular meeting at 3 o'clock this afternoon in Strong's Hall, at the Conservatory of Opera room. Mr. Larkin will read a paper.

J. M. Glass will speak from the topic, "The Magnitude of the Tobacco Curse," this afternoon in Strong's Hall, at 3 o'clock, at the meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. The boys are especially invited, as Mr. Glass has something important to say to them on this subject.

POMONA.

Preparations for the Meeting of the Teachers' Institute.

An Interesting Programme Arranged for the Occasion—Papers to be Read—A Large Attendance Looked for—General News.

This Times conveys the news of the world in twenty-four hours in advance of the San Francisco papers. The Pomona branch office and agency is at Armour's Pharmacy, Second street, where advertisements, orders for the paper and news items are received.

City Superintendent of Schools F. A. Molyneaux has completed the arrangements for the local teacher's institute to be held here in the Operahouse on the 28th inst. Invitation is extended to all teachers in Los Angeles and adjoining counties to be present, and a large attendance is expected. The hour for opening the exercises is set at 10:30 a.m. to accommodate those arriving on the trains from Los Angeles and San Bernardino. The Pomona teachers will furnish luncheon at noon for visiting teachers. Arrangements have also been made for a drive to the beet-sugar factory to all those who desire to go.

The regular programme will be opened by a discussion of subjects of general interest to teachers to be led by G. W. Luck, principal of the Ontario schools. Miss Carrie Neukom of Pomona will read a paper on "The Pedagogics of Sand and Clay Modeling." Miss Elizabeth A. Packard, principal of the Los Angeles High School, will present a paper on "High School Training and Citizenship." Superintendent C. H. Keyes of Riverside and Superintendent Will S. Monroe of Pasadena will discuss "The High School and Its Mission." Opportunity will be offered for a discussion of each topic presented. Principal James A. Foskett of Monrovia will provide music.

This meeting will be held at Lompoc and was formerly in the bank there and was in "good circumstances" so it is said. His present assets, so far as known and according to his insolvency statement and oath, consist of an old, broken watch now in the hands of Grant Jackson, worth about \$4.50. The seduction judgment will be set aside.

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Rev. H. D. Connell of Santa Barbara will speak in the Methodist Church Thanksgiving evening upon the subject, "Popular Sins."

BRIEFS.

The shipments of grain for seed are now brisk.

James Allen has arrived with his family and taken possession of the Eads property, recently purchased by him.

Mrs. H. M. Robbins leaves today for her home in Chicago, via Santa Fe. She has been visiting Capt. and Mrs. Brady.

William T. Clark from London, England, is improving the property he purchased on Main street by laying cement walls.

Messrs. Driftill & Lewis have received notification of a consignment of a carload of fruit trees. They expect them within a day or two.

The Pomona nurserymen say that the demand for olives is quite brisk and the indications are that there will be more planted than ever before.

The ladies of the Unitarian Church are making active preparations for a bazaar to be held in the Operahouse December 16, afternoon and evening.

The high rate at which hay is selling this fall discourages the planting of barley and the market will be put in about here a much larger acreage than usual.

Mrs. A. M. Logan has purchased of Melrose et al., four acres on Fourth and Ellin streets and the old Porter place on Town avenue, consisting of nine acres, paying for them \$4500.

Henry Pugh and son of Ada, O., are visiting W. S. and C. O. Winters. Mr. Pugh is immensely pleased with Pomona and says he may make this his home. Mrs. Pugh is in Los Angeles, and is coming soon to Pomona.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed Hubbell of Ada, O., are in Pomona visiting Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rutledge. Mrs. Hubbell caught cold en route and is quite ill from it. Miss Bell C. Haines, who has been visiting for several weeks with Capt. Brady and family, will leave today on the Santa Fe for her home at Sabetha, Kan.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Nettie Kinsell, the editress of the Morning Press, has returned from her trip to the Hot Springs and has a pleasant word for this popular resort in her paper of yesterday morning. The Queen made its last trip on Thursday last. Hereafter steamers will ply between San Francisco and San Diego according to a regular schedule time as printed in a time-table folder, with the exception that for a time the Corona will arrive and depart on the Pomona's time. All steamers stop at this port. The Corona goes south this afternoon and the Pomona north.

SANTA BARBARA MARKETS.

The following are quotations of the retail market here for Saturday, November 21:

Dairy Produce—Butter: Fancy roll, 90¢

70¢; eastern not quoted. Cheese: California, 19¢; eastern, 20¢.

Poultry and Eggs—Hens, 55¢; young cockrels, 60¢; old cocks, 65¢; broilers, 35¢; ducks, 50¢; geese, wild, 50¢; turkeys, 20¢ per lb. Eggs: Fresh, ranch, 40¢; eastern, 35¢.

Produce—Potatoes: New, local, 12¢ per 100 lbs; sweet, \$1.50; beans (per lb.) Lima, 4¢; pink, 3¢; navy, 3¢; onions, \$1.50 per 100.

Prunes—Green: Apples, 1½¢; grapes, 4¢; lemons, ½¢; lard, 40¢.

Apricots, bleached, 10¢; evaporated apples, 10¢; raisins, Sultanas, 12½¢; walnuts, 10¢;monds, 10¢.

Hay and Straw—Hay, first grade: Barley, 12¢ per ton; wheat, \$1.20; oats, \$1.20; alfalfa \$1.20. Straw: Wheat, 8¢; barley, 8¢.

Milk Products—Cheese, \$1.50; shortening, \$1.60; crackers, \$1.50; dried milk, 40¢; corn, new crop, \$1.25; old, none; wheat, \$1.25; barley, whole, \$1.25 per cental.

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SANTA BARBARA.

Monthly Meeting of the Teachers' Association.

Two Instructive Lectures by Dr. Hoose of Pasadena.

The Bly-Flournoy Suit Likely to be Compromised.

The Doctor Makes a Proper Apology, Which is Satisfactory to the Lady—A Worthless Judgment—Briefs and Personal.

THE TIMES conveys news to Santa Barbara twenty-four hours ahead of the San



Evangelist Wight at the Y.M.C.A., on Broadway near Second street, at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

The First Congregational Church the Rev. J. K. L. Lean of Oakland will preach morning and evening.

Last night the wife of Charles Steel, the second-hand furniture man on South Main street, died suddenly.

There is an undelivered delivered telegram at the Western Union telegraph office for Mrs. Hattie Cross.

City Clerk Teed was somewhat improved yesterday and was able to sit up. He expects to resume his duties during the coming week.

Ex-Justice Officer Phelan, who has the contract for digging the tunnel for the new electric company in San Antonio tunnel, is in the city on a business trip.

The Y.M.C.A. is doing a good work for the young men of the city, and some sort of instructive entertainment is provided for almost every night in the week.

Business around the police courts was very dull yesterday. A few old drunks were disposed of and the hard-worked clerks were given a half holiday.

Mr. Tom C. Leam was arrested yesterday morning and taken before the Police Court. She pleaded not guilty to the charge of battery, and her case was set for trial.

Fred L. Baker states that Mr. Kennedy was not in the employ of the Baker Iron Works at the time he met with his accident, and had not been for eighteen months.

John B. Kirk and wife of Chicago, who arrived in Los Angeles Friday evening to attend a wedding, will return to their home today, making a very brief stay in this city.

Miss Etta Knight of Angelino Heights died yesterday after a lingering illness. The funeral will take place today at 3 o'clock. The remains will be buried in the Catholic Cemetery.

Yesterday morning the fire department turned out for drill. They met at the brewery on Aliso street and worked from the river. They made a fine showing, and each company old gong.

Deputy Sheriff Alfonsi of San Bernardino passed through the city yesterday, and left a crazy man named Burr Bass in the city prison a few hours. The officer is taking Bass to the Napa asylum.

All the farmers are to meet at the Hamel & Denker ranch Monday at 2 p.m., sharp for the purpose of incorporating the great sugar beet factory. Nearly enough acres are already subscribed to insure success.

The protracted meeting at the Temple Street Christian Church goes on with unabated fervor. Rev. Wight preaches today at 11 a.m. upon "The Mission of the Church"; at 7:30 p.m. upon "Jesus as King."

The Olive Foot-ball Club had a practice game at the Hanna College grounds yesterday. This club is to play a match game at the above grounds with the High School even giving morning of 9 o'clock. Everybody is invited.

Last evening Officer Bevan arrested a man named A. Girayo and locked him up in the city prison on a charge of petit larceny. Girayo visited a "crib" on Alameda street night before last and stole a lamp and several articles of furniture.

C. E. Norton, who was mentioned in connection with a land deal in which a man named Ward was involved in Angelino Heights, says that he knows no man by the name of Ward, nor did he ever figure in any deal in which he was interested.

Word was received in the city last evening that Ed McPherson, the young agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company at Orange, while hunting at Newport about noon Friday, accidentally shot and killed himself. The charge is said to have entered the left breast.

The State Board of Pharmacy will meet at the Stock Hotel next Tuesday for the purpose of issuing certificates of qualification to the druggists of this section of the State. An examination of applicants for the degree of licentiate will be held at 2 p.m. of that day.

All arrangements for the opening and widening of Second street have at last been completed, and actual work will begin early next week. The cost of the dredging that will be done will be put on the old Orange House, at the corner of Second and Los Angeles street, out of the way.

The Sierra Madre Villa Hotel is not and has not been closed since it opened under the management of H. L. Farnard on the 2d of November, but, on the contrary, was never so well equipped as at present. The stars were proposed on last Wednesday night was an error.

A new local illustrated weekly, called The Owl, made its appearance yesterday afternoon. The illustrations are from Eastern papers, and barring the fact that several of the cuts are misplaced, and the principal cartoon is several years old, the publication presents a very neat appearance.

The formal opening and dedication of the Los Angeles Catholic orphan asylum and school of boy students, will take place next Thursday afternoon. An interesting programme has been arranged for the occasion. Among others who will make addresses are Hon. S. M. White and Mayor Hazard.

The sale of silverware at No. 215 South Broadway, announced elsewhere in this paper, is a notable event. A \$40,000 stock of standard goods is to be thrown on the market at 25% discount and closed out in fifteen days to satisfy a claim against it. The goods are to be offered in large or small lots, to dealers or individual buyers, at half their established prices, and every article guaranteed or no sale. Coming in so opportunity, just before the Christmas holidays, the sale will interest many people.

Horsemen will be interested in learning that the celebrated "rodeo" is for sale. It is a pure gallop trotter, 7 years old, 163, hands high, weighs 1,100 pounds, is a rich mahogany brown, with long mane and tail. Nemo was raised by Mr. J. Willets of Santa Ana, and was never trained until this season, during which he made a record of 2:29 1/4 in a hard wind. He has been trained better than 2:29.

He is perfectly gentle, is driven daily by a lady; he can show a 2:20 gait any day and on the road takes nobody's dust; in short, he is a perfect road horse. Address C. M. Holmes, Santa Ana, Cal.

(Changed every day.)
ON THE BARGAIN COUNTER

At Winsburgh's Monday, only eight days more of the great cut-down sale of dress goods. Every piece of goods on our shelves has been lowered in price—the greatest reductions have been made on the more expensive goods, for 8c. goods for 5c., 15c. goods for 10c., 25c. goods for 15c., 35c. goods for 25c., and see us tomorrow. We place on our bargain counter

blue, brown and garnet ground, white dot twilled serge, flannel-wide width, 11c. a yard.

Heavy all-wool scarlet twill flannel, 40c. quality, for 30c. a yard.

Fine twilled white shaker flannel, 25c. quality, for 12 1/2c. a yard.

32-inch wide heavy white tabby linen, with pink or turkey red border, 8c. quality, for 5c. a yard.

54-inch bleached table linen 35c. quality for 20c. a yard.

French blue brown butcher linen, 40c. quality, 22c. a yard.

Child's cream cashmere, long cloaks, silk embroidered, 85c. each.

Child's seamless black, ribbed hose all sizes, 15c. a pair.

Ladies' white Japanese silk handkerchiefs, silk embroidered and scalloped, 25c. each.

Ladies' fast black sateen skirts, lace trimmed, \$1 each.

2 1/2 yard long, black hair for bows, \$1.75 each.

Darning cotton on cards, black, white and assorted colors, 8 cards for 5c.

Infants' heavy, black sateen silk bonnets, \$1.50 each, world silk ribbon and lace trimming, silk lace, \$1 each.

Gentlemen's fast black kid gloves, light and medium shades, 50c. a pair.

Men's India tan buck driving gloves, 40c. a pair.

Push frame stand mirrors, adjustable handle, 25c. each.

Brook cloth covered corset clasps, 5c. a pair.

Ladies' white lawn aprons, 1 row valen-

cian lace insertion, 1 row lace edging.

Java canvas, 10c. a yard.

WINEBURGH'S, 29-31 South Spring, below Third.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

NEWS AND BUSINESS

The Weather.

U. S. WEATHER OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, NOV. 21, 1891.—At 5:07 a.m. the barometer registered 30.18; at 5:17 p.m. 30.17. Thermometer for corresponding hours showed 48° and 58°. Maximum temperature, 71°; minimum temperature, 55°. Cloudiness, 10%.

5 cabinet photos \$3.50; set Dewey's.

Wanted to buy 20,000 sacks of corn at Stan-

ley & Henry's, 157-159 N. Los Angeles street.

At the Koster Cafe you pay only for what

you eat and can get any delicacy you choose to order.

Launches served from 12 to 2 o'clock, daily, to ladies and gentlemen, at the Woman's Exchange, No. 223 South Broadway.

The Woman's Exchange, No. 223 South

Broadway, is the only place in town where

you can get a home luncheon. Served daily from 12 to 2 o'clock.

Geo. Kenniss gives but one lecture in Los Angeles and that is Saturday, Nov. 28. Tickets are selling rapidly, and there will no doubt be a crowded house.

Opening ball of the season at G. A. R. Hall, No. 129 North Spring street, under the auspices of Frank Bartlett Post, No. 6, Department of California. Tuesday evening, Nov. 24, 1891. Good music.

A grand Thanksgiving concert, by the

Arden orchestra, is to take place at beau-

tiful Lake Shore Park (formerly known as

Second Street Park) next Thursday afternoons, from 2 to 5 o'clock. Admission will be free.

Mr. Steckel having made additions to his

force of assistants will be able to execute

work in short time. Those desirous of hav-

ing pictures for the holidays should not de-

lay to make appointments. It is needless to

peak of high quality of work for which this

studio is noted. A comparison of work is in-

cluded.

Quick time and low rates Eastward. Only

5 days and 20 hours to Angelino Heights

via the Santa Fe route. Time reduced to all

Eastern points. Pullman drawing-room

and tourist sleeping cars daily. Special

tourist car excursions to Boston and Inter-

mediate points weekly. Santa Fe excursions

throughout the country, coastwise and across

the continent.

Grand vice templar, Mrs. M. Wright, was

present and installed into office the

remaining officers of the district lodge.

Pasadena won new laurels in its

kindly and hospitable treatment of its

sister lodges. Every member seemed

especially welcome, and the repast fur-

nished by the Pasadenaians was boun-

tiful and excellent. The Tropicana band

treated the lodge to several pieces of

excellent music. This is the only lodge

which can boast of a brass band.

The afternoon was devoted to miscel-

laneous business and the hearing of re-

ports, the evening to literary and social

entertainment. The following named

persons assisted in the programme:

The Tropicana band, Miss Bond of Po-

mona, Miss Barber of Tropicana, Mrs.

Jennie Sanderson of Los Angeles,

George Wheeler of Tropicana, Mr. Warren

of Tropicana, deputy of Pasadena

lodge, Mr. Hyman of Tropicana.

The session was a very enthusiastic

one and the work very satisfactorily ac-

complished.

Teeth Extracted Free

FROM 8 TO 9 A. M.

Bridge Work a Specialty.

Gold or porcelain crowns, \$5.

Sets of Teeth, upper and lower, \$14.

Set of Teeth, upper or lower, \$7.

Teeth filled with gold, \$1 and up.

Teeth filled with gold alloy, 75c and up.

Teeth filled with silver, 50c and up.

Teeth filled with amalgam, 50c and up.

Teeth cleaned, 50c and up.

Teeth extracted without pain by use of

gas, \$1.

All Work Warranted.

GENTLEMEN!

Do you desire a Stylish, Comfortable First-class Shoe for little money?

LEWIS HAS THEM!

Do you want the the very best Shoe you ever wore for little money?

LEWIS HAS THEM!

Are you tired of paying \$7.00 and \$8.00 for a Hand-sewed French

Calf Shoe? If you are

See Lewis' Great Leader!

The very finest French Calf hand-sewed shoe, \$4.50 a pair.

\$4.50 A Pair

Every pair built for wear,
Every pair built for comfort,
Every pair finished in style; only

\$4.50 A Pair

LEWIS,

Los Angeles Sunday Times

TENTH YEAR.

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1891.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

PRICE: SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.
BY THE WEEK, 3 CENTS.



THE HIGH SIERRAS.

I give below a description of a cañon trip which I am sure that my boys and girls will enjoy, wishing all the while that they could have shared it with "Nemo." These jaunts in our California wilds are full of delight to the lover of Nature. I have made them in the high Sierra region, where mountain rises above mountain as far as the eye can see, and where vast forests stretch away like green and billowy seas, and in almost every break is the gleam of a running stream or the silvery flash of a leaping waterfall. Those high Sierra regions are full of wonders, of old dead volcanoes and chasms torn by the creeping ice. But there are beautiful green, sunny meadows in that upper world of mountains, and crystal streams that run singing along through the bright summer, and wild mountain sheep sometimes stand on the lofty eminences against the background of sky, and the bear roams free and the lion has his fortresses. But in the meadow there is nothing but the peaceful gurgle of the streams; the glad music of the birds; the darting of the fish like speckled arrows through the water; the thousand butterflies afloat on the golden air, and sometimes, far overhead, the swoop of the great eagle's wings as he pounces upon some unwary hawk that crosses his path.

Sometimes one meets there in the mountain passes, bands of Digger Indians, who of all Indians are the dirtiest and most degraded of any in our midst.

We saw a band of them once coming down from the solitary passes of Moon Lake, but they were heavily laden with deer and other wild game, and when we came up with them they had gone into camp under the shelter of some great boulders, and they allowed us to pass almost without a word, and we were not slow in putting our horses to a swift canter so that we might reach our camp beside the Merced before night set in. But we saw them no more while we lingered in the Yosemite, for civilization was at our elbows, though above us and all around us overhead was that almost untroubled wilderness of mountains.

The wild haunts of the wanderer.

man. But he was peaceful in his nature, and dirty and lazy and given to begging—that is, the squaws were—who used to visit us sometimes with their cunning little black-eyed papooses strapped to their shoulders. Poor little things! I used to feel sorry for them growing up there in the woods, as wild as the weeds and as untamed as the foxes whose bark we sometimes heard in the distance. It was very sad. But here is my young correspondent's story.

E. A. O.

MY TRIP TO LYTTLE CREEK. On the first day of September I started on a trip to Lytle Creek Cañon, arriving there a few minutes after sunset.

I went on the railroad to Keene's ranch or flag station, and from there I rode up over the Sierra Madre Mountains to the cañon. It was a lovely ride. I saw many things growing, some of which I had never seen before. Arriving at the top of the mountain, and then looking down toward the valley, it seems as if you were surrounded by mountains and could never get down again.

Not wishing to leave there without going over to Cajon or seeing the sights, I got a burro which belonged to the folks at the ranch, put on a saddle and started down the cañon to see the sights and wild things which abound in that region. Another trip I took happened in this way: An engineer who was stopping there with his wife had to resume his work on Saturday, so the man at the ranch asked me if I would like the fun of going down the mountain with the engineer and later bringing back the horse and burro, which, of course, I had to ride back. They had plenty of horses there, but you know (just like me) I wanted to ride the burro.

I made the trip down all right and in plenty of time to catch the down-coming train.

Well, I started up the mountain on the burro, and finding that it was too slow business for me I removed across the way to the horse.

Thinking that the burro would follow well, which he did excepting to stop at every shade he came to, I had just about got to the summit, when on looking down the valley to see if my burro, or "brother" was coming, sure enough I didn't see him; but thinking he was coming very slowly, which he always did, I waited there quite a while, but no burro loomed in sight. So I got down from off the horse and tied him to a tree. I then started down the mountain to see what had become of my brother, when lo! sure enough he stood just where he had stopped just before reaching the first high or steep hill.

Well! I forgot to tell you about coming down. Up at the ranch, for fear I would take the skin off from the burro's back, they put on three thick blankets. I ascended the mountain all right, but when it came to descending it without a saddle I found it pretty hard work to stay on. I had got to the first raise without falling off, but when I came to go down that raise it was impossible to stick on. Off I went, over the burro's head twice, which, of course, was fun for Jack.

On Saturday an old miner and myself started to have a regular picnic and go hunting. We got his horse and gun and something to eat, and we started down the cañon. Of course I had to ride the burro, but remember I put a saddle on that time. We left about 10:15 o'clock and did not arrive home until 7:30 o'clock in the evening. We went over the Cajon, which is about fifteen miles going and coming. Getting pretty hungry going over, we took off our saddles, picked up our horses and then sat down to rest and eat our dinner. Of course we had to cook it, which was fun for me. We had to dig a hole in the ground and stick a stick through our meat and cook it. After we had eaten our dinner we started hunting, and brought down several fine birds. Before we left I cut the miner's and my name on a tree, and the date and month we camped there.

NEMO.

A TEMPTING TURKEY

TOM WOULDN'T STEAL A THANKSGIVING STORY.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

[CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES—COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY S. S. MCCLURE.]

T WAS very hard to go without a turkey on Thanksgiving day. But there seemed nothing else to do. They had always had a turkey and cranberry-sauce and a mince pie before; but now that the father was disabled and there was only May's little earnings to go and come upon them must be content with a dinner of corned beef. They did not have as good as that every day, by any means. But what was corned beef, Tom Powers asked, beside a turkey stuffed with buttered and peppered and mashed potatoes; a great, crisp, brown turkey, such as belongs to Thanksgiving day of right.

"Ned Twombly's going to have turkey and ducks, too, and a chicken pie," Tom said to his mother. "He's going to have two turkeys. I saw them going in."

"Well, dear, we must make believe our dinner tastes like turkey," she replied. "And if father is able to come to the table I'm sure that will make Thanksgiving enough, turkey or no turkey."

"Corned beef for a man who's been kept alive on gruel!" groaned Tom.

"Oh, we shall have some granum for him."

"It's real good, granum is," said little Sue.

"It isn't turkey," said Tom.

"No, it isn't turkey," said Sue wistfully.

"Well, dear, I wouldn't talk about it any more," said the mother, going on with her work. "It would make your



father feel so if he knew you missed it this way. And he feels bad enough at the best."

"He wouldn't feel so bad if he saw a turkey on the table, just as always," said Tom.

"There, there, that will do," said his mother.

"It isn't the turkey, just for the sake of eating it," said Tom, confidentially, as he and Sue went out picking up chips that afternoon. "It's because it's part of Thanksgiving; it's because it doesn't seem Thanksgiving without it; it's because everybody else has one. Though the drumstick is a awful nice—"

"I like the wish-bone best," piped Sue. "Turkeys don't have a good wish-bone like chickens."

"But you can make hoppers out of them that hop all across the room," said Sue.

"And the gizzards chopped up in the gravy with hot potatoes— Oh, I say, it's a shame to have corned beef is good with cabbage, too."

That was too much for Tom—Sue not awake to her wrongs. "The idea," said he, "of your having to eat corned beef and go without turkey! You, almost a baby!"

"I'm not almost a baby," cried Sue, indignantly. "I'm a great help to mother! she says so. I'm only a little smaller than you. And I guess I can eat what the rest can, anyway. So—"

"I mean," said Tom, "that mothers and girls should have nice things!" and his mind reverted to the turkey going into Ned Twombly's, to the ducks there, to the two turkeys. What did they want of two turkeys? There were only four or five in the family. Were they going to kill themselves eating?" And if there was to be company, one turkey and the ducks and a chicken pie ought to be plenty. It only showed how unfair everything was. Ned Twombly and his great, healthy father, and mother with his sick father, and his delicate sister Sue, and his tired mother and poor Mary, with no turkey at all with nothing but that hard salt beef, which he hated, at least which he hated for Thanksgiving day. They might just as well have baked beans—baked beans for Thanksgiving day! How much better was Ned Twombly than he was, that Providence should be so good to Tom! He wasn't any better! He whined boy half his size last week, and he told the teacher a lie about it afterward. Well, then, Tom's thoughts ran on, perhaps Ned's father was smarter. But he wasn't any smarter; he had never done a day's work in his life, while Tom's father had always worked. And then Tom left the task of trying to adjust the workings of the universe to his sense of justice—only it still seemed very hard, very cruel, very unjust indeed, that Ned Twombly should have two turkeys and he should have none at all! How could there be jollity about Thanksgiving day with just a piece of salt beef on the table, with the sense of poverty brought

home to you in such a way as that—and what was there to be thankful for? He was sure he wasn't going to be thankful for salt beef—although, to say truth, he would have liked it very well for supper tonight, having had only crackers and water for dinner. Oh, if he were only a man and could go down to the provision shop and order home a whole bill of fare! He had tried hard to get some errands to do, or any little job of work, but to no purpose; he hadn't been able to pick up a penny. And how delightful it would have been if he could have earned a couple of dollars, and could have come in this morning, lugging a bird almost as big as himself and have lifted it to the kitchen table and said, "There's your turkey, dearest mother. Please God, you'll never be without a turkey on Thanksgiving day while I'm at the fore!"

Tom was very low in his mind that afternoon. It was a dreary afternoon, the trees all bare, the leaves blowing along the ground, the skies leaden with impending rain, and a wind beginning to pipe up out of the dark east that promised storm and made him think of shipwrecked craft and drowning sailors. He was never quite so certain that he was some day going to be a sea captain when the wind blew from the east as he was at other times. He sat at twilight listening to the wind, on his stool by the fire, which was a poor fire of cinders, the coal was so low, with his head in his hands, feeling very badly used and very melancholy. It was a gloomy world and he was on the wrong side of it; he didn't see how it was ever going to get any better. Little Sue was prattling to her mother in an engaging way, and his mother smiled to hear her—how could his mother smile. His father lay on his pillows in the adjoining bedroom, looking at them through the open door with an expression on his face almost as sad as Tom's, not quite, for Tom saw no way out of the coll, but the good man among his pillows knew that heaven willing, his family would be all right when he should be upon his feet again. But as Tom now and then lifted his head and looked around, it did seem very depressing to think of that sick man, that tired May, that dear mother, that gentle little Sue, without any Thanksgiving dinner to speak of, and that Ned Twombly—He took up his cap and stole out of the house presently, not meaning to go anywhere in particular, but just to be moving. It was all unconsciously to himself that his feet followed the path down hill that led past the Twombly house.

It was the foot-path of the pasture, and the bars were down for the last bringing in of harvest across the fields, the path took him straight by the Twombly kitchen and the pantry, whose window was wide open. The light from a window in the wing of the house shone full upon the pantry, and there on the window-shelf was plainly visible a big turkey set to cool, just roasted, a shining golden brown, shedding its savory aroma upon the frosty air; and near it stood a glass bowl of quaking cranberry sauce, and, as he paused a moment and looked in, there was surely a dish of cracked walnuts with some great bunches of raisins, and a pan of juicy red snow-apples, and—yes—huge mince-pie, one of the kind, Tom knew without tasting it, full of raisins and citron and cider and all good spice—it made his mouth water.

And this goodly array was just the beginning of the Twombly's Thanksgiving. This turkey they were to have cold evidently, the other would be hot. Two turkeys for Ned Twombly, and he and Sue with none! And then and there a hungry imp of evil whispered in Tom's ear, why not take that turkey and carry it home?

It would be stealing, to be sure. But the Twomblys would never feel the loss of it. They didn't need, nobody needed two turkeys. It would not be hurting any one. And he could tell his mother it had been given to him; it would be easy enough to get up a story that would convince her. And that would be lying. One sin always tumbles on the heels of another.

But he could not sustain the burden of the two sins for the sake of giving his mother and the girls such a dinner as that turkey would make! There was no trouble at all about it; he could reach the shelf on tiptoe. He had only to put up his hand and take it by the end of the two drumsticks; he could lift it up so gently no one would hear, and he could make off with it into the darkness entirely unseen and unknown. But it never could be traced—for were not turkeys all much alike, and did not everyone have turkeys on the day before Thanksgiving?

And Sue could have her wishbone, and his father perhaps just one bit out of the sidebone; and his mother should have that luscious morsel of the brown outside the wing; he could see them all enjoying it; and he himself—he was hungry for that turkey down to his

"It's a shame to have corned beef is good with cabbage, too."

That was too much for Tom—Sue not awake to her wrongs. "The idea," said he, "of your having to eat corned beef and go without turkey! You, almost a baby!"

"I'm not almost a baby," cried Sue, indignantly. "I'm a great help to mother! she says so. I'm only a little smaller than you. And I guess I can eat what the rest can, anyway. So—"

"I mean," said Tom, "that mothers and girls should have nice things!" and his mind reverted to the turkey going into Ned Twombly's, to the ducks there, to the two turkeys. What did they want of two turkeys? There were only four or five in the family. Were they going to kill themselves eating?" And if there was to be company, one turkey and the ducks and a chicken pie ought to be plenty. It only showed how unfair everything was. Ned Twombly and his great, healthy father, and mother with his sick father, and his delicate sister Sue, and his tired mother and poor Mary, with no turkey at all with nothing but that hard salt beef, which he hated, at least which he hated for Thanksgiving day. They might just as well have baked beans—baked beans for Thanksgiving day!

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Meade and his aged mother were sitting near the window in a violent thunder-storm! They were photographed upon the glass by a brilliant flash-light from the heavens, by a process only known to the maker of all mankind.

"Scientists cut out the pane of glass and the photographs are now preserved. Ghosts have never since appeared in the old Meade house."

Cheers rang through the lecture room. Josiah was the hero of the scene. The committee awarded two prizes. One to Ned for the first formula given, the other to the tow-headed boy, who "kept his eyes and ears wide open out of school hours."

EOILIAN HARPS.

HOW BOYS CAN MAKE THESE INSTRUMENTS.

By Edmund Collins.

[CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES—COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY THE AUTHOR.]

HERE is not a boy anywhere, if he has patience and a little skill, who cannot make his own aeolian harps. Let him cut this article out, follow carefully the instructions given, and he will not fail.

Before proceeding to description I may say that this harp is a contrivance named after Aeolus, who was believed by the ancients to preside over the winds and whose abode was supposed to be in the islands lying between Italy and Sicily. In those olden days there was a general belief that the god of the winds and his ministers were the authors of many musical sounds, so when Athanasius Kircher in the seventeenth century invented the musical box he named it, in deference to the

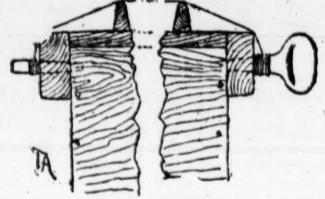


Diagram of the ends.

ancient belief, the aeolian harp, or the harp of Aeolus, because it was played d by the wind.

All needed to make an aeolian harp are a few dry boards of some light seasoned wood, such as white pine or white cedar, and it should not be more than an eighth of an inch thick. As the harp should be placed in the window so that the wind, or even the draughts, passing into the house or out of it, may move the strings, the box should be made the width of the sill, and the window ought to rest upon it when down.

The board should be of even grain, perfectly sound and seasoned and without knots. Care should be taken to plane it evenly, making all the surfaces as smooth as possible, for the smoother the surface is made the better will be the sound, as is the case with violins. A square and a fine tooth saw are also necessary.

When the boards are planed, cut the longer ones of a length equal to the width of the window, then proceed to make the box. It ought to be about five inches thick and five or six inches deep, the sides and ends should fit as closely as possible together, for slovenly work in this respect will retard the sound. It is best to use wooden pegs to put the box together, though I have seen many good instruments which have been fastened with nails.

The hole should be carefully bored with a small brad-awl, for if any of the boards are split the sounding capacity of the box will be injured. Most of the boxes, however, are fastened together with glue, and also with pegs, and I am pretty sure that these give a better sound than those having nails or pegs only, but putting them together requires great care. All the parts should be fastened carefully and firmly together until the glue is dry, and a good plan would be to first connect the sides, ends and bottoms, and when they are firm to put on the top or chief sounding board. The aeolian harp is constructed on the same principle as the violin, the strings being drawn over them from end to end of the box. In the center of the top or sounding board draw with a pair of compasses a circle, say an inch and a half in diameter; and perforate this circle with a number of small and carefully-made holes a short distance

this, but when the strings are put in you will have to trust your own ear to tune the harp. The strings should be pitched in the same key, though high, low and middle notes may be used.

The box is now nearly finished, but one thing more remains to be done, and this is to put a thin cover made of sound, dry, resonant board about three inches above the top of the box so that the wind may be able to course over the strings. Four stout wooden pegs should be glued onto the corners of the box, and to these the board must be fastened firmly. Some fasten on the upper or covering board with glue, but others attach it with pegs, which are made tight on top by driving in small wedges.

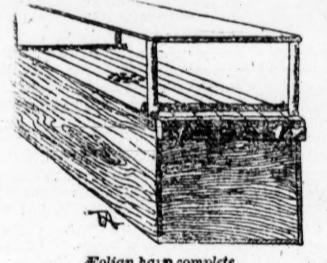
The aeolian harp is now completed and ready to place in the window. When the frame closes down it should fit evenly along the surface of the cover-board, so that the air passing in and out may blow through over the strings and put them in motion. The box should be placed nowhere except where there is a draught.

If catgut strings cannot be obtained an aeolian harp may be made by following the instructions given and using silk-threads. Heavy threads are sometimes used for the bass strings or low keys, and fine thread for the high notes. Once, after great care, succeeded in finishing an instrument for which I could not obtain catgut, and it gave forth a continuous strain of sweet musical sounds.

Sometimes silk threads as well as catgut are stretched from sounding boards running perpendicularly up and down the sides of a window, but the notes sound all at once and the effect is not nearly so harmonious as when one string after another is set vibrating, running the gamut in regular order. Large instruments resembling violins are sometimes placed in a case and put close by the window, but taken too strong a current of wind to move the strings. The simple sounding box made as I have described it is the best of all.

The harps should not be left on the window during rain or snow storms, for the strings shrink with the wet and the wood becomes soggy. A good plan is to take it in every night, loosen the strings and tune it again by turning the pegs before putting it in the window. I have seen as many as a half dozen harps in one house, some being placed in bed-room windows, one in the dining-room, and one in the drawing-room, the latter being varnished and more ornamental than the others.

Sometimes when the air is not moving outside the harp strings are set vibrating by the draught passing out or coming in the window. Should the air of the room be much heated it moves



the strings in regular order as it rushes out, and the cooler air from outside flowing in makes them vibrate in the opposite way. The result is a swelling and falling of low, soft musical sounds, which die away as gently as breath. Many persons leave their harps out all night for they like to hear through the darkness the sobbing and sighing music of the instrument. Placed at some distance from the room where one sleeps, the music seems to be in the air and everywhere through the house.

When the wind blows hard the strings are shaken with great force and swiftness, and the wailing of the harp sounds as loud as the crying of the storm. I know many persons who cannot bear to listen to this crying music in the storm, but to the majority the sounds are soothing and full of beauty. When the traveler visits Strasburg he wants first of all to see the Cathedral with its wonderful clock, but when he stops below one of the towers if the wind is blowing hard he hears overhead a mild tempest of lovely music, and his guide informs him that there are aeolian harps set in the great windows. The instruments are large and are left exposed in bad weather, but the wood is protected from the wet by varnish, and does not become soaked and lose its sounding quality.

At Baden-Baden there is an old castle, in the windows of which are several large aeolian harps, and the whole air about the place is filled with musical sounds during a storm.

With a little patience and care any boy can construct an aeolian harp, and have music, as the wind wills it, the whole year round.

SPEAK DISTINCTLY.

HOW A CHILD CRITICISED DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

By G. B.

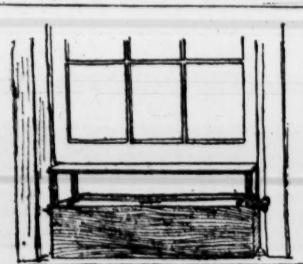
You think you do? Try it and see. Read aloud a dozen lines without any unusual effort. Be honest with yourself; get at the truth. Did you sound your "ng's?" Didn't you say "chu" for "you?" Didn't you join "you" to the preceding word whenever you could? Didn't you swallow some syllable of a word when it was possible, instead of uttering it?

Now from what I have seen of school-rooms, I do not think it probable that you will be trained sufficiently at school on distinct utterance, either in reading or speaking. But you can master a neat, clear enunciation quite by yourself if you will read aloud daily, watching and correcting yourself and practicing. You will find this self-drill of advantage in after-life, that is, if you wish to be understood and obeyed as a business man, as the master of your house, as a teacher. If you wish to be a convincing lawyer or clergyman. If you wish to occupy any governing position with ease and power. Speak clearly and you will be listened to clearly, and this drill will help you to think clearly.

The only criticism that is made upon Phillips Brooks, the most powerful man in the American pulpit, is that he speaks so rapidly that it is difficult for many people to follow him and take all his meaning. A little baby girl in his audience one Sunday expressed her opinion of his delivery. She was standing on the seat by her mother's side, watching the great orator in his pulpit robes, her blue eyes fastened on his countenance; suddenly her face wreathed itself with smiles; that rapid flow of consonants was a feast for her entertainment, and she was not to be outdone by Phillips Brooks. Clapping her little hands, and striking out her little chin toward him, she shouted forth in her tiny voice, "Peter Popper picked a peck of prickly pears." When her mother caught her down and hushed her, and the great rector of Trinity preached on, unconscious of the stricture passed upon his oration and the words that were in his desk at Hillsborough.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the strings should not be made too tight, for if they are they will not sound. The best way to determine this is to first make the box, set it in a breezy window and note the amount of tension that gives the best sound.

The finest catgut strings are generally used, and they can be obtained at the store of nearly any music dealer. Four is the smallest number used, but six, eight, or even more, may be stretched along the box and should be arranged as to form a harmony of sounds. The music dealer can explain



Aeolian harp in the window.

part. Holes may all be made within the circle.

It is necessary, also, to put on two other strips, one across each end of the box, on the outside, and on a level with the top of the sounding-board, and into one of these are placed as many small brass pins as there are strings in the instrument.

In the other strip bore a corresponding number of holes, which should be large, and make hard-wood pegs to fit into these. The pegs should be arranged like those in a guitar or violin and made to fit tight, so that when the peg is turned to tune the instrument it will remain firm.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the strings should not be made too tight, for if they are they will not sound. The best way to determine this is to first make the box, set it in a breezy window and note the amount of tension that gives the best sound.

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ON TURNER'S PLANTATION

A. GEORGIA BOY'S ADVENTURES DURING THE WAR.

By Joel Chandler Harris.
Author of "Uncle Remus," "Nights with Uncle Remus," "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," "Balaam and His Master," "Free Joe," Etc.

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I.
JOE MAXWELL MAKES A START.
HE postoffice in the Middle Georgia village of Hillsborough used to be a queer little place, whatever it is now. It was fitted up in a cellar and the postmaster, who was an enterprising gentleman from Connecticut, had arranged matters so that those who went after their letters and papers could at the same time get their grocery supplies.

Over against the wall on one side was a faded green sofa. It was not an inviting seat, for in some places the springs peeped through, and one of its legs was broken, giving it a suspicious tilt against the wall. But a certain little boy found one corner of the rickety old sofa very comfortable place, and he used to curl up there nearly every day, reading such stray newspapers as he could lay hands on, and watching the people come and go.

To the little boy the stock of goods displayed for sale was as curious in its variety as the people who called day after day for the letters that came or that failed to come. To some dainty persons, the mingled odor of cheese, camphene and mackerel would have been disagreeable, but Joe Maxwell—was the name of the little boy—had a healthy disposition and a strong stomach, and he thought the queer little postoffice was one of the pleasantest places in the world.

A partition of wood-work and wire-netting cut off the postoffice and the little stock of groceries from the public at large, but outside of that was an area where a good many people could stand and wait for their letters. In one corner of this area was the rickety green sofa, and round about were chairs and boxes and barrels on which tired people could rest themselves.

The Millidgeville papers had a large circulation in the county. They were printed at the capital of the State and were thought to be very important on that account. They had so many readers in the neighborhood that the postmaster, in order to save time and trouble, used to pile them up on a long shelf outside the wooden partition, where each subscriber could help himself. Joe Maxwell took advantage of this method, and on Tuesdays, when the Millidgeville papers arrived, he could always be found curled up in the corner of the old green sofa reading the *Recorder* and the *Federal Union*. What he found in those papers to interest him it would be hard to say. They were full of political essays that were popular in those days, and they had long reports of political conventions and meetings from all parts of the State. They were papers for grown people, and Joe Maxwell was only 12 years old and small for his age.

There was another place that Joe found it pleasant to visit, and that was a lawyer's office in one of the rooms of the old tavern that looked out on the pillared veranda. It was a pleasant place to him, not because it was a law office, but because it was the office of a gentleman who was very friendly to the youngster. The gentleman's name was Mr. Deometari, and Joe called him Mr. Deo, as did the other people of Hillsboro. He was fat and short and wore whiskers, which gave him a peculiar appearance at that time. All the rest of the men that Joe knew wore either a full beard or a mustache and an imprial. For that reason Mr. Deometari's

was a tremendous rattle and clatter of boxes, pots, pans and crockery ware. The mule, crazed with fright, made a violent effort to get through the tent, but it caught him in some way. Finally the ropes that held it down gave way, and the mule, with the tent flapping and flopping on his back, turned and rushed through the camp. To all at Joe Maxwell it was a horrifying sight. Many of the boys, as the saying is, "took to the woods," and some of them were prostrated with fright. These were consequences that Joe had not counted on, and it was a long time before he confessed to his share in the night's sport. The results reached farther than the camp. In another part of the plantation the negroes were holding a revival meeting in the open air, preaching and shouting and singing. Toward this familiar scene the mule made his way, squealing, braying and kicking, the big white tent flapping on his back. As the terrified animal circled around the place the negroes cried out that Satan had come, and the panic that ensued among them is not easily described. Many thought that the apparition was the ushering of the judgment day, while by far the greater number firmly believed that the "old boy" himself was after them. The uproar they made could be plainly heard at the camp more than a mile away—shrieks, screams, yell and cries for mercy. After it was all over and Joe Maxwell had crept quietly to bed the thought came to him that it was not such a fine joke after all, and he lay awake a long time repeating the night's work. He heard the next day that nobody had been hurt and that no serious damage had been done, but it was many weeks before he forgave himself for his thoughtless prank.

Although Joe was fond of his fun, and had a great desire to be a clown in a circus or to be the driver of a stage coach—just such a red and yellow coach, with "U.S.M." painted on its doors, as used to carry passengers and the mails between Hillsborough and Rockville—he never permitted his mind to dwell on these things. He knew very well that the time would soon come when he would have to support his mother and himself. This thought used to come over him again and again when he was sitting in the little postoffice reading the Millidgeville papers.

It so happened that these papers grew very interesting to both old and young as the days went by. The rumour of war had developed into war itself. In the course of a very few months two companies of volunteers had gone to Virginia from Hillsborough, and the little town seemed to be longer and more deserted than ever. Joe Maxwell noticed, as he sat in the post-office, that only very few old men and ladies came after the letters and papers, and he missed a great many faces that used to smile at him as he sat reading, and some of them he never saw again. He noticed, too, that when there had been a battle or a skirmish the ladies and young girls came to the postoffice more frequently. When the news was

Academy. He was full of all sorts of pranks and capers, and there were plenty of people in the little town ready to declare that he would come to some bad end if he was not more frequently dosed with what the old folks used to call hickory oil. Some of Joe Maxwell's pranks were commonplace enough, but others were ingenious enough to give him quite a reputation for humor, and one in particular is talked of by the middle-aged people of Hillsborough to this day.

The teacher of the academy had organized a military company among the pupils—it was just about the time when rumors and hints of war had begun to take shape—and a good deal of interest was felt in the organization, especially by the older boys. Of this company Joe Maxwell was the fourth corporal, a position which gave him a place at the foot of the company. The Hillsborough cadets drilled every school day, and sometimes on Saturday, and they soon grew to be very proud of their proficiency.

At last, after a good deal of maneuvering on the play grounds and in the public square, the teacher, who was the captain, concluded that the boys had earned a vacation, and it was decided that the company should go into camp for a week on the Oconee River and fish and hunt and have a good time generally. The boys fairly went wild when the announcement was made, and some of them wanted to hug the teacher, who had worked hard to explain that an attempt of this sort was not in accord with military tactics or discipline.

All the arrangements were duly made. Tents were borrowed from the Hillsborough Rifles, and the drum corps of that company was hired to make music. A half dozen wagons carried the camp outfit and the small boys, while the larger ones marched. It was an entirely new experience for Joe Maxwell and he enjoyed it as only a healthy and high-spirited boy could enjoy it. The formal and solemn way in which the guard was mounted was very funny to him, and the temptation to make a joke of it was too strong to be resisted.

The tents were pitched facing each other, with the officers' tent at the head of the line thus formed. At the other end of the line a little to the rear was the baggage tent, in which the stores, boxes, and commissaries were stored. Outside of all, the four sentinels marched up and down. The tents were pitched in an old field that was used as a pasture, and Joe noticed during the afternoon two miles and a horse browsing around. He noticed, too, that these animals were very much disturbed, especially when the drums began to beat, and that their curiosity would not permit them to get very far from the camp, no matter how frightened they were.

The editor of the *Countryman* must have divined what was passing in the lad's mind (he was a quick-witted man, and a clever one, too,) for he tried to get up a conversation with Joe. But the boy preferred to nurse his loneliness and would only talk when he was compelled to answer a question. Finally the editor asked him if he would drive, and this Joe was glad to do, for there is some diversion in holding the reins over a spirited horse. The editor's horse was a large gray named Ben Bolt, and he had finer than any of the horses that Joe had seen at the livery stable. Feeling a new and unaccustomed touch on the reins, Ben Bolt made an effort to give a new meaning to his name by bolting sure enough. The road was level and hard, and the horse ran rapidly for a little distance, but Joe Maxwell's arms were tough, and before the horse had gone a quarter of a mile the lad had him completely under control.

"You did very well," said the editor, who was familiar with Ben Bolt's tricks. "I didn't know that little boy in town could drive."

"Oh, sometimes they can," said Joe. "If he had been scared I think I should

have been scared myself; but he was only playing. He has been tied at the rack all day and he must be hungry."

"Yes," said the editor, "he is hungry, and he wants to see his mate, Rob Roy."

Then the editor, in a fanciful way, went up to talk about Ben Bolt and Rob Roy as if they were persons instead of horses; but it did not seem fanciful to Joe, who had a strange sympathy with animals of all kinds, especially horses and dogs. It pleased him greatly to think that he had ideas in common with a grown man, who knew how to write for the papers; and if the editor was talking to make Joe forget his loneliness, he succeeded admirably, for the lad thought no more of the boys who had so quickly returned to their marbles, but only of his mother, whom he had last seen standing at the little gate smiling at him through her tears.

As they drove along the editor pointed out a little log cabin near the road.

"That," said he, "is where the high sheriff of the county lives. Do you know Col. John B. Smith?"

"Yes," said Joe, "but I thought he lived in a large, fine house. I don't see how he can get in at that door yonder."

"What makes you think he is too big for the door?" asked the editor.

"Why, the way he goes on," said Joe, with the bluntness of youth. "He is always in town talking politics, and he talks bigger than anybody."

"Well," said the editor, laughing, "that is his house. When you get a little older you'll find people who are more disappointing than the high sheriff. Boys are sometimes too big for their breeches, I've heard said, but this is the first time that I ever heard that a man could be too big for his house. That is a good one on the colonel."

AMERICAN PUSH.

WRITTEN FOR THE LOS ANGELES TIMES.
By EDGAR FAWCETT.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

And thus the talk buzzed on finally dying into complete silence. The doors had closed behind the last retreating figure. Not even a servant remained. The Princess was still seated. Her son stood before her, looking down into her face. And his own face was far sterner than she had ever before seen it.

"At last I can speak," he said, measuredly breaking the silence, "and tell you what long ago you should have heard from me."

"And that is!" she queried, with an intonation of hauteur, though secretly not a little alarmed.

"It is this: your reign has now ceased, and mine, if you please, must begin."

"Your reign, Clarimond! If only you would reign!"

"Oh, I shall; never fear." And he lifted one hand with a telling gesture that seemed to add, "Wait and see."

"But I shall reign, be sure of it, in my way, not yours!"

"My son! As if I had sought to interfere with your rulership!"

"You have sought in every way to interfere with it. Yes, of late even politically; but now all such folly is at an end. I have been far too lenient with you—I shall show you henceforward how in playing with fire one sometimes may singe one's fingers."

"Clarimond! Have you forgotten that I am your mother?"

"No; I remember it too well; otherwise I would have you past my frontier inside the next two hours."

"Ah!" wailed the Princess, equally swayed by rage and fright, "it is too plain that you have forgotten!"

"No; but it was you that for many years forgot I am your son. When the chances of a throne overshadowed me then you remembered my existence."

"You—you insult me!"

"I have no wish to do so, but believe me, I have both the wish and the intention of restraining you. Since you came into my territory, weeks ago, nothing but disorder has resulted. In a hundred minor ways you have opposed me. My dislikes have been set at naught; my detractors have been encouraged; my allies and supporters have been treated with contempt. Appointing yourself royal châtelaine of the palace without my permission, you have invested that dignity with contemptuous, if covert, revolt. I need define myself no further. I owe you no explanation of your own deplorable conduct. From this time forward, you are under the strictest surveillance. Every act of yours will be watched."

"You—you threaten me!"

"I do not threaten you. I warn you. There will be no threats. The instant that you show the least rebellious spirit, the least desire to set your own tastes, convictions, formulas of deportment, against my own, that instant the carriage will be waiting—a state coach, with outriders and all the royal paraphernalia that you so love, to convey you outside of my domain."

"Such treatment!" burst from the Princess. "It is inhuman."

"It is deserved. You thought to continue this amazing policy of making my little land an abode for disrespect to its sovereign. The silly insubordination of Philibert tonight is merely an effect of your many imprudent and ill-advised counsels. For a long time you have been trespassing with strange boldness upon my royal prerogative. Still more, it depends upon your graciouslyness toward my friends—and in particular toward my dear and honored American friend, Eric Thaxter, concerning whom you have spread idle and hurtful reports, and on whom you have endeavored to cast odium by excluding him from entertainments which you have daringly given, as may be said, with the full approval of the Crown."

All these words of Clarimond's were spoken with a simple repose which finely became him. His manner, his voice, never once lost that serenity and equanimity, without which he would have seemed less commandant than accusative. He seemed both to the lady, who now rose half tottering to her feet, and said in accents choking with passion:

"I—I had best go at once, then. You exile me, as you once threatened to exile me."

"You exile yourself, if so you prefer," replied the King. There was a bell-rap within a few yards of him and he moved toward it. With hand lifted as if in the act of summoning a servant, he went out.

"I await your orders. If you refuse to accept my terms, declare so, and you shall be at once conducted to the frontier."

The Princess, grown wan as death, had waited with a few yards of him and he moved toward it. With hand lifted as if in the act of summoning a servant, he went out.

"I—I do not refuse. I will at least remain for the state ball on Thursday. I have announced my intention of doing so, and, whatever your tyranny, I prefer that you should not appear before your subjects in the sight of a monarch who has made his own mother a fugitive from his room."

Clarimond smiled very coldly. "If you had chosen to dwell here in peace you would have had slight cause to complain of 'tyranny.' As it is, your continued sojourn is one of sufferance alone."

"Sufferance!" gasped the Princess.

"Precisely. You came here with two motives. The first was to put yourself against faiths and principles of mine which are a part of my very life. The second was to try and force me into a marriage of the merest loveless convention. The weapons you have used in either case were the same that dealt my dead father the keenest grief, and perhaps drove him prematurely to his grave. Yours, madam, is a stormy and turbulent spirit. I inherit nothing of it, but possibly I inherit from you alone the strength of will which so long has clothed itself in forbearance. That strength of will you shall now have a chance to test. As I said, you will be watched. Being the lady highest of rank in my kingdom, I will accord you the right of receiving my guests on Thursday. But if the least sign of disfavor is shown by you toward any guest who crosses the thresholds of my palace, on the morrow you shall be conducted where the turbulence and rebellion of your disposition may boil and ferment to the discomfort of others rather than my own. There, now, I think it is all quite plain between us."

"Quite plain!" muttered the Princess.

"Yes, I see—I see. You wish to crowd your rooms with vulgarians."

"You need not gaze upon those vul-

garians unless you so desire. Certainly a number of people whom you will rate as vulgarians will present themselves. Among these will be a young lady (an American—or a young-American, I might more truly call her) with whom I shall open the ball. Her name is Kathleen Kennard, and I shall dance the first quadrille with her. She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, the most beautiful I would ever expect to see, though I should live two lives instead of one. But were she a hunchback negro, fresh from Africa in her beads and warpaint, it need matter nothing either to you or those assembled. I am master; I am King. For my actions I account to no one save myself."

He passed, with an air of unwonted but very distinct pride, down along the waxed floor of the spacious saloon. But she who had heard him, with one or two convulsive shudders, now gave a kind of wrathful spring, both hands hanging clenched at her sides.

"You will account to your Emperor," she called. "You are not so great as you vaunt yourself, Clarimond of Saltavia! You—you are just mad enough to marry this creature. I recall now that one of your cousins, the King of Saxony's own nephew, too disgraced his birth by a low marriage. No doubt it is in your blood to do such horrid things. But I will prevent this." The Princess' face glistened with little beads of sweat, and her eyes were blazing. "I will go to the Emperor at once. I will!" she recited, for Clarimond had hurried back toward where she had stood, half covering in her frenzy. It seemed to the Princess that perhaps he might actually mean her some personal violence, though if her mind had proved less clouded by anger and dismay she would have realized that from one of his usually gentle spirit such a course, in any circumstances, would have been unthinkable.

All that the King meant to do was to seize the bell-rope, which a brief while ago he had desisted from seizing. But now reaching the spot where it hung he gave it a strong pull, and almost immediately two footmen in the royal livery, answered his summons.

"You shall go at once to the Emperor," he said, in a low and very trans-

sient one as it is, be assured that I should not hesitate to make it, and make it firmly. I am not so enmeshed of reigning that the Emperor's frowns or smiles can appeal to me as such mighty forces of my own destiny, nor shall you ever find me in the mood to regard him as a schoolmaster with a birchen rod. . . . And now," he proceeded, "I shall ask you to kindly send me the list of those whom you have already invited to the state ball. Such course on your part will enable me to avoid errors which might otherwise occur, since I wish to make out a list of my own, and desire that it should not clash with yours."

"It shall be sent to you tonight," was the reply, "or tomorrow, if you prefer." "Tomorrow will be quite early enough," answered Clarimond, and with a bow he quitted the great, bright vacant apartment, ending an interview which was least agreeable of many which he had held with his mother, and which had perhaps caused him more secret pain than any which he at all had had since his accession to the Saltravian throne.

CHAPTER XI.

The court was already furnished with rich material for the busiest gossip; but a few more morrows were destined to cast in shade even so pregnant a topic as Clarimond's cogent reprimand of Prince Philibert. The King had been seen publicly strolling through his grounds with Kathleen; he now publicly visited her at the hotel, spending hours each day in the pretty-sitting room which Mrs. Kennard at once secured for his own and her daughter's comfort, as downstairs they would almost have been mobbed by gaping foreigners. The mental condition of Mrs. Kennard, at this particular time, was one of hysteria, narrowly verging upon dementia. The King's open admiration for her child filled her with a feeling toward him which might have given her, if she could have looked upon herself just as she now was, and looked from normal eyes, many shivers of shame. She had impulses to fling herself on her knees before Clarimond and press her lips to his hand, telling him that he was the most God-like being the world had ever

seen.

Kathleen looked fixedly at the speaker, with her eyes moistening a little and her under lip trembling. "I—I wish you would not speak like this," she faltered. "It distresses me so!"

Her mother continued, however, stating that she had not the vaguest doubt Clarimond would soon startle this court more keenly than he had dreamed of startling it before; that Kathleen had only to wait a little while longer and the stars would drop ripe and shining in her lap; that all past annoyance, mortification, defeat, was to end gloriously in unique triumph.

Kathleen listened, and then slipped, as soon as she could, into the privacy of her own chamber. The King had said that he would revisit her today. There was only an hour yet before the time of his coming. She did not want to see him again, and yet she did want to see him again. What was it? Did it mean that he might bring her certain tidings of Alonso? Did it mean this? Did it really mean this? Or was she infected with the fervor of her mother's overbearing ambition? Her mother! The sense of that personality, that companionship, so tremendous and dramatic in its influence, its domination terrified her. She looked into her own brain, as it were, and found there nothing but a depressing tumult. How would she act if action should indeed be required of her? No, no; the need of such action would not, could not, come. He, a King! It was fatuity to dream of what her mother had so boldly prophesied. Her hands were at intervals very tremulous while she dealt with her toilet; and once or twice she felt as if she must descend from it and seek the one sort of aid that just then would have been least to her taste.

But when the King came she received him with much composure. Her mother was today in visible throes. To Kathleen her disarray was pathetic. The perturbed lady gave one or two spasmodic curtsies, which were a mournful travesty of her usual serene equipoise. She was so drunk with the heavy wine furnished by the fact of this fourth royal visit that exhilaration had made her almost stagger. Clarimond, calm and gentleman-like as usual, appeared to notice nothing. "Perhaps," thought Kathleen, "he is used to such groveling servility. Poor mamma! Will she ever get out of the room with a decent grace? she who has prided herself for years on doing nothing awkwardly."

But at last the door closed on Mrs. Kennard's ducking and cringing figure. As this happened Kathleen breathed an audible sigh of relief. The sigh ended in a feverish laugh, and she said with sudden candor to her guest:

"It's dreadful how you've demoralized my mother. You must see, so I mention it."

"Demoralized her? I!"

"Oh, then you don't see, monsieur. Mamma isn't accustomed to kings, that is all."

"And are you?" he said, with his sweet, kind smile. They were now seated opposite one another and near a large window that gave one a fine view of the mountains and a still finer view of his white, many-turreted palace.

"No," she answered; "but mamma—oh, you must have noticed. You're royal, as they call it, and you've turned her head. It's odd, too, for she has met all sorts of great people—prime ministers, dukes, even the English Prince himself. I see so vulgar when I talk like this. I do hope you'll excuse me. No doubt you're used to embarrassing people, especially Americans."

Kathleen laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "You mean, I suppose, that they would conform to their or leave the lovely Saltavia hills. And surely she was quartered here in a most magnificent way. Her two or three Italian palaces were nothing to this, in which so lordly a suite of chambers had been allowed her. And then there

was the Princess' mind, "to self-efacement—difficult yet not impossible. In the end he may yield and marry her. Then you turn will come in real earnest, for once there is a queen, if once there are little princes and princesses, he will grow more conservative. Men always do that. Possible hope of his marrying the American girl (God knows there is nothing rash he would not do, just now) must be met with subtlety, since high-handed measures have become bane in the air."

"I wasn't thinking of the expense," replied Mrs. Kennard, with a little irrepressible catching of the breath. "There are certain things one always can afford."

Kathleen laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "You mean, I suppose, that they could go back to Dresden and economize more severely than we've yet done."

"Oh, no; I didn't mean that; I—I didn't mean that in the least," said her mother.

Kathleen gave no answer, divining what had really been meant. If her mother only knew the actual substance of her late conversations with the King! They had principally talked of her past engagement with Alonso Lopez.

She had been very frank; she had told Clarimond everything, and had found in him a most gracious and friendly listener. He had asked her many questions, to all of which she had replied with thorough candor. As regarded the impression that she had made upon him, she could not doubt that it had been one of strong fascination. This in itself was nothing new; most men, under a certain age, had shown her but one sort of homage. To have a King show it was entirely novel, and not a little dizzying. Moreover, such a King as he, filled to his fingers with all the graces that please women, handsome, courtly, amusing in countless ways, the choicest of male companions!

For three afternoons he dropped in upon her, and each time her mother received him in her blandest fashion, contriving soon to slip from the apartment and leave them together. Mrs. Kennard had no fear of the faintest imprudence on Kathleen's part. If she had thought at all on this subject it would have been to decide that her daughter's American blood would save her from even a dream of folly. Besides, had she not already learned that Clarimond was the most honorable man in his own kingdom? Let people chatter, as they undoubtedly were chattering. Among the hotel residents it was jealousy, pure and simple. What chiefly concerned this very agitated lady was the question of how Alonso had thus far acted, and of how at any moment he might take it into his head to act. Here he was, returned to Saltavia, the bosom friend of the King's bosom friend. He must have heard that Clarimond at last said, with an accent of mild irritation:

"For a man or woman of reasonable age there is but one perfect kind of happiness. The heart is a mill, whose wheel should always turn in a full stream and grind forth golden grain. The soul, like a wealthy miller, must be buoyant and giddy at the labor performed; the deeper he is covered with the dust of that delicious industry the more prosperous he rates himself while he looks forth on the world defied by his heart's consoling thrift."

"It is not everybody," smiled Kathleen, as she spoke, pausing, "who can be both king and poet in one short life."

"Are you now satirical, mademoiselle?"

"No, but I am skeptical. There are so few hearts like that. Mine, I fear, is an idle mill-wheel above an empty stream-bed."

"I have not said that, monsieur."

"You say more, I find, than you mean to say."

"And yet you do not think me deceitful; you have granted as much."

Her eyes, for an instant, seemed to caress her face. "I think you strangely miserable," he affirmed. Then, lowering his voice, "I can't but wonder if you are incurably so."

"I am not miserable," she said, with wistful ardor of denial. "It is too bad that you should think this. You said something of the same sort yesterday. But you are wrong—wrong. I still have a great deal to live for."

"Still! And you say that in the early glow of your maidenhood! Still! It is amazing. Or, no, it isn't amazing at all; it's thoroughly explainable. There is something you want. I wonder if I could get it for you!"

She shook her head quickly, and then stood down at the hands which lay like two pale curled feathers in her lap.

"No, monsieur," she breathed, enshirining the words, as it were, in a sort of long sigh. "It is nothing that you could get me."

He accepted her reply as a surrender. She was a sorceror, after all, and the feints of her assertion to the contrary had been admittedly futile.

In the silence that now followed they both looked forth upon the incomparable valley, flanked by its mighty mountains, over-scattered by its ethereal villas, crowned, accented, dignified by its romantic and imposing palace.

[To be continued.]

of Brifndisi had already pleaded by letter the intervention of the Emperor.

"You are so reticent, my dear," she said to Kathleen, one evening at the end of the King's third visit. "You never will tell me what he says about Alonso to you. Does he not mention him?"

"Rarely, mamma, and then always with kindness."

"Kindness. M—yes—" Mrs. Kennard pursed her lips a little. "They're still—friends, then?"

"Friends! Oh yes."

"I suppose Alonso hasn't dared to say a word against you, Kathleen. Otherwise he'd certainly have relieved himself of untold spleen, my dear."

"He never carries grudges," the girl said as if her own thought was her sole and author.

"Well, even if he didn't! Heaven knows he had a monopoly of most other faults!" At this particular time any praise of Alonso was for some reason specially nauseous to Mrs. Kennard.

"And for keeping silent about us to the King, why, that's not the least doubt that he'll do so. How could he do otherwise, now that Clarimond has become your actual slave?"

"Mamma! Mamma!" exclaimed Kathleen.

"Will we make you sordid, then?" Kathleen. "You will make me sordid if anyone by chance overhears you in these moods."

"Moods?" bristled her mother.

"I am not miserly," she said, with wistful ardor of denial. "It is too bad that you should think this. You said something of the same sort yesterday. But you are wrong—wrong. I still have a great deal to live for."

"Still! And you say that in the early glow of your maidenhood! Still!"

"Sundays only."

ED. CHAMBERS,
Ticket Agent, First st. Depot.



decorated with Chinese lanterns and bright bunting. They sped down Broadway and took a turn on all the principal streets.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Frederick H. Rindge spent yesterday at the Arcadia, Santa Monica.

A Chinese bazaar will be held at Niles' Hall, Vernon, next Tuesday evening.

Lieut. and Mrs. J. J. Meyler of San Pedro are located at the Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Packard of River-side are spending a few days at Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica.

O. Gray of Washington, D. C., and Kent Hackley of New York are among recent arrivals at the Arcadia, Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. John McIlmoll will celebrate the forty-sixth anniversary of their marriage today at their residence, No. 64 San Pedro street.

Miss Minnie Kantrowitz, who sang at the recent Ethel Stewart benefit concert, scored a success, her voice giving brilliant promise for future triumphs.

Miss Foy, who is enjoying an extended trip North, is at present at Oakland, where she will remain until after the holidays, reaching home early in January.

There will be a dedication and formal opening of the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum and school on Boyle Heights next Thursday, the exercises beginning at 2 p.m.

Society ladies are anticipating, with great interest, the porcelain art reception to be given by Mrs. M. E. Fisher next Tuesday, both day and evening, at 114 South Spring street. A cordial invitation is extended to friends.

"Semi-Tropic" will be the name of the new lodge of Odd Fellows to be in-

stituted December 12 in this city by J. N. E. Wilson. The A. O. U. W. Hall at 213 South Main street has been enga-

ged by the new lodge, where they

will meet on Tuesday evening of each week.

A birthday surprise party was ten-

dered Mrs. H. A. Kingsley last Friday evening at her residence, 2109 Vir-

ginia avenue, Boyle Heights, by her

daughter, Helen Kingsley. Quite a

number of friends and relatives were

present and spent a very enjoyable

Capt. F. J. Cressey yesterday wel-

comed home to Los Angeles his son,

Frank Graves Cressey, who has been ab-

sent over four years, during which time

he has taken a full classical course, and

graduated with great credit from

Brown University, Providence, R. I.

For the past ten weeks Mr. Cressey has been constantly traveling, and has seen

much of his native country.

"Things are not always what they

seem." For instance, the Ethel Stew-

art benefit proved disastrous, finan-

cially speaking. After the bills were

paid and all the artists who assisted had

received their checks there was no sur-

plus in the treasury, but instead a deficit

of \$60. As a consequence the

prodigy's music lessons have had to be

suspended in order to meet the bills.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

GUITAR CLUB CONCERT.

A fine programme has been arranged for the first public concert of the Ideal Guitar and Banjo Club for tomorrow night at the Grand Operahouse. There will be twenty-one players of the guitar and banjo—quite a little chorus in itself. The club will also be assisted by Miss Katharine Kimball, Prof. G. A. Hough, and Misses Maud Snook and Elois Lemon. This club has already made for itself a good reputation, and may expect that a good audience will go to hear the trained "plunk, plunk" of their instruments.

HERR MUELLER'S CONCERT.

Herr Jacob Mueller, well-known for several years past in San Francisco as an operatic baritone, will sing before the Los Angeles public on Friday evening next at Turnverein Hall. Mr. Mueller will sing "Non e Ver," which was composed for him by Tito Mattel, Wagner's "Au den Abendstern," Rob- andi's "Stell Confidente," and a duet with Miss Yaw, by Nicolai, "Il Ritorno." Herr Mueller will be assisted by Miss Ellen B. Yaw, Mrs. T. Masac and Messrs. Wilhartz, Bierlich and Hawthorne.

S. M. CLUB.

The last meeting of the S. M. Club was devoted to Paine, Parker and Chadwick. A "Nocturne" in B, a "Mazurka" and a fragment from his scholarly "Oedipus Tyrannus," were given from Paine, who is perhaps the foremost American composer; several of Chadwick's songs, and two fine quartettes by Parker completed the programme. The next meeting will be devoted to Franz Liszt, under the direction of Mrs. J. D. Hooper and Dr. Lummis.

Y. M. C. A. CONCERT.

Mrs. Emily Valentine has charge of the next entertainment in the Y. M. C. A. course, next Tuesday night, at the Auditorium. Mrs. Valentine will be assisted by Mrs. Jacob Horton, Miss Helen Mar Bennett, Mrs. William R. Carter, Signor L. Arevalo, Mr. Charles A. Valentine.

AT ST. VINCENT'S.

At St. Vincent's church the choir will render the following programme at this morning's services: "Asperges Me" (Gregorian), "Kyrie, Gloria and Credo," from Haydn's Fourth Mass; "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei," from Haydn's First Mass; "O Salutari," (Bruno Klein); "Veni Creator," solo, (Mendelssohn); Miss Katherine Kimball; offertory, "Ava Maria," (Richard Wagner); Mr. Charles S. Walton); postlude, "Marche Religieuse," (Moscheles); Prof. T. W. Wilde, Signor Dion Romandy will play the violin obligato. The services will begin at 10:30.

Pacific Loan Co.'s

Great \$40,000 Silver Sale

215 South Broadway (Potomac Block)

Prices

Marked in plain figures

One cent article

and

Reduced to $(\frac{1}{4})$ one-half

From original prices

Except knives, forks and spoons, which will be sold at $\frac{1}{2}$ cent discount.

Open for exhibition and inspection

Tuesday, Nov. 24th.

Music by Douglas' Military Band

Wednesday, Nov. 25.

MERCHANTS, MECHANICS and even

Judges and lawyers are taking excursions into other countries to see improvements and over come the lag behind rapidly taken up. Every week Lowell L. Root, 215 South Broadway, Los Angeles goes out with a jolly company to Colton viewing South Rialto, Riverside and Redlands. He makes them all happy, for everyone is sure to buy a ten-acre lot of his South Rialto tract, now being sold cheaper than the cheapest.

Photographs for Christmas.

Have a good photo taken by Schumacher, No. 107 North Spring street. Finest finished Cabinets reduced to \$5.00 per dozen.

BREAKFAST will not be complete without Chase & Sanborn coffee—Mocha and Java blended. For sale by Seymour & Johnson Co.

GLUTEN FLOUR, sure cure for diabetes

Co. Jevine, 136 and 13 North Spring st.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



SEMI-TROPIC NOVEMBER NOONS.

The noons of our November days yet hold the dreaming Summer, her eyes still blue And their drooping lids fringed with the gold sunbeams. The sun smiles down upon her. Her lover still, kissing, with soft, warm touch.

Her fragrant lips. The perfume of the rose, And the fair white lily fills her pure breath, And on her breast there blossoms sweet and fair.

The purple heliotrope, while gay verbenas

blush, like souls of cherubs kissing her sweet face.

Which Time has left un wrinkled, for its

He so he would that she should never pass

From out his tent of skies, curtained for her

With glowing, tropic splendor. But Morn and Eve

Does Autumn claim, and, like the shrew she is,

Breathes frostiness upon the still air, drops

Chill upon the earth, and strives to reach

Like the sunbeams. The sun smiles down upon her.

Some usurping thing, sweet Summer's

throne, with

Harsh pushing crowder her. But Summer

wakes at

Noon, trailing her flower-gemmed robes, up-

looking

To the skies, which bend protectingly, with

Marshaled hosts of sunbeams filling all their

</



I believe that I am really and truly a loyal daughter of New England, loyal to her institutions, to her honest ways, and loyal to the sunny-faced matrons and rosy-cheeked daughters, the divinities of her country kitchens, the products of whose art, in my estimation, far outrivaled the rarest menus of the most accomplished French chef who ever displayed his skill in hotel or at the table of wealth and luxury in the city's midst. Good cooking is an art in New England, an accomplishment which her daughters prize. I have a good deal of sympathy for the men who, wearied with the many "courses" of French concoction, yearn inwardly for a good square meal, such as their mothers used to give them in their comfortable New England homes in the happy days of their carefree boyhood, and for their sakes and in memory of the craving appetites of my several brothers' boyhood I will give them the following old-fashioned bill of fare, such as will serve either for a Thanksgiving or a Christmas dinner, with directions for its preparation:

Oyster Soup.
Roast Turkey, Boiled Ham.
Mincie pie.
Celery, Cranberry Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes, Boiled Onions.
Sweet Corn, Cauliflower.
Plum pudding. Mincie pie, Cranberry pie.
Squash pie.
Nuts, Raisins, Apples.
Coffee.

Cider, new, sweet.
For the oyster soup put three pints of new milk over boiling water to heat. Grate three butter-crackers and mix them with a pint of new cream. Wash and drain two quarts of oysters; strain the liquor and put it on to boil. Pour the boiling milk upon the crackers and cream, add the heated liquor and then the oysters. Put all back into the saucepan and let it come to a boil. Season and serve at once.

The ham is first boiled, then baked; it is a fine clear white and red, solid, yet tender.

The turkey is specially selected and fed for months with reference to its final disposition on Thanksgiving or Christmas. As a result it is plump and tender. It is roasted to a rich brown. Turkey dressing should be mixed dry and seasoned with celery and plenty of sweet butter.

The following is a favorite rule for the preparation of the ever popular chicken pie:

Four plump young chickens, a quart of oysters (solid), a layer of butter-crackers, split, and a piece of butter the size of a hazel-nut placed in the centre of each, seasoning, and a covering of cream pastry. The chickens are first simmered, after being cut up, in the smallest possible quantity of veal stock (which, after skimming, is poured over as a gravy.) The drumsticks, the bony part of the wings, and the necks are removed, and only the best of the chickens left for the pie. Half of this remainder of the four chickens forms one layer upon the bottom of the great dish. Above this are placed the oysters, and after peppering them the crackers and butter. Then comes the top layer of chicken, and over all a cover of pastry made by mixing salted flour with a thick cream, and rolling it half a pound of butter in flake layers, dusted with flour, and rolled out over and over again, and when baked you have a dish fit for a king.

The best method for cooking the cranberries is in a "crock," one of those old brown pottery things with a cover, which are sometimes used for baking beans. For two quarts of sound cranberries allow one coffee cup of water, and two heaping coffee cups of granulated sugar, all boiled slowly for an hour, then strained off into moulds, from which it turns out like jelly.

A delightful plum pudding is made after the following rule: One pound of bread crumbs, one pound of chopped and sifted suet, half a pound of chopped citron, candied lemon and orange peel mixed, a cup of flour, one pound of currants carefully cleaned, one pound of stone raisins, half a pound of sugar. A tablespoonful of mixed spice, nutmeg, cinnamon, a little cloves and a very little allspice.

The flour is mixed with the bread crumbs. Then the suet is added, then a teaspoonful of salt; then the fruit, the spice, the sugar, and the whole blended into a thick mass with sweet cider. To this a goblet of wine is added, and then eight eggs beaten very light are stirred in; and the whole put in a very large buttered mould, and boiled, without stopping, five hours. Blanched almonds are stuck upon the top and it is served with wine sauce.

The following is an excellent recipe for the genuine New England mince pie, than which no better can be found in any quarter:

Two pounds of roasted beef, after it is cooked and chopped. Four pounds of chopped apples, two of beef suet chopped and sifted, three of brown sugar, three of stoned raisins, one of whole sultanas, two of cleaned currants, one ounce of grated nutmeg. One pound of chopped citron, candied lemon-peel mixed; half an ounce of ground mace and a little cloves. Three saltspoons of salt and three quarters of cider boiled with a pound of maple-sugar. Add a pint of wine when the pies are made, and to each pie a teaspoonful of brandy.

The New England squash pie contains more squash than does our modern article by that name. Try the accompanying rule and see if it does not tickle the palate of the most pronounced epicures in your households.

To one quart of strained squash put four beaten eggs, a pint of cream, half a pound of sugar. A teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of nutmeg, cinnamon and ginger mixed. Line pie dishes with cream paste and fill so that the pies will be one inch in thickness. This quantity will make two large or three smaller pies.

SUSAN SUNSHINE.

NOTE -
TO DEALERS
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AUCTIONEERS.
We want to close out
the \$40,000 stock of
SILVERWARE
in
15 Days.

We will sell low
at or below cost price.

Please call and examine the stock
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218 South Broadway (Potomac Block)
Pacific Loan Co.

A NOBLE DEED.

The Heroic Sacrifice of a Sister of Charity for Humanity's Sake.

The following story of heroic self-sacrifice is from a French paper, *Le Petit Journal de Paris*, and it lends lustre to our common humanity.—Ed. TIMES.]

In the suburbs of Paris there is a hospital called the "Perpetual Help," under the care of Dominican Sisters, destined for the service of the lepers in the Antilles. In this hospital there are fifty beds for patients, who may remain until they are perfectly cured. Every sufferer is cared for in this hospital. Among other patients received was a child, 4 years old, who was fearfully burned. The physician examined and measured the ulcer developed by the burn and assured the Sister Superior that it was necessary to amputate the whole arm unless—said he, pausing. "Unless what?" said the Sister Superior. "Tis only," said the physician, "by putting sound and healthy flesh on the flesh of the child, which is wasting away, that the ulcer can be cured; the application of sound, healthy flesh to the diseased flesh of the child is the only remedy without amputating the arm. But where can such flesh be found?" "Do you say, doctor?" said the Sister Superior, "that the flesh of the child's mother must be applied to the ulcer?" "Either the mother's flesh, or some other person's," replied the physician, "but who would substitute the mother?" The Sister Superior looks around. More than ten sisters are there, and offer themselves to be operated upon with heroic tranquility. In view of so heroic an act, the physician felt confused and in doubt. But time presses and it is necessary that the devoted sister should not be aware that the surgeon trembles with emotion. O those ten white virgin arms that, for the first time, were bared before man, the surgeon selected her who was most suitable to operate upon. The sister chosen was Cecilia. She is 30 years old and of extraordinary beauty. Smiling, she promptly prepared for the sacrifice. The surgeon bade her to have courage. She calmly replied: "Cut." The knife pierces her white and blushing flesh, penetrates into her arm and cuts with inhuman continuity until the piece of her virgin flesh is sufficiently large to cover the wound of the child. The suffering child extending his arms toward the heroic sister exclaimed: "Mamma! mamma!" in the midst of his suffering, thinking that Sister Cecilia was his tender mother! Had not the mother of the child, through gratitude, published in the *Petit Journal de Paris* the heroism of the sisters, the world wouldn't have known it till the day of its joy!

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

To those interested in the early struggles of our country for freedom, and in the noble men who at such personal sacrifices so dearly purchased it; who framed the laws so wise and good that under them we have grown not only prosperous and great, but known throughout the world as a Christian nation; it may not be amiss, at this time of our national thanksgiving, to turn their thoughts to the one who first proposed "to set apart by law a day for a public and solemn acknowledgment to God for the numberless benefits we have received." This was Maj.-Gen. Arthur St. Clair, soldier of the Revolutionary War, President of the Continental Congress and Governor of the Northwest Territory. He, while occupying the last position, made these his opening words in an address to the General Assembly convened at Chillicothe, O., Nov. 26, 1801: (See "St. Clair papers" by Hon. William Henry Smith.)

Gentlemen of the Legislative Council and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives: At the first meeting of the second General Assembly of the Northwest Territory, which was convened in the month of November, 1800, I, as a member of the Legislature, did offer to the Supreme Being, the author and giver of all good, Favoured as we have been with another most plentiful harvest in every kind and blessed with the continuance of peace at home and abroad, when we contrast our situation with many countries in Europe, who are daily involved in war, deluged in blood and shaken to their centers—their civil and religious institutions overthrown, and anarchy and despotism reigning in their stead, how thankful ought we to be to Almighty God, whose kind Providence has sheltered us from similar calamities: neither should our gratitude be withheld from the General Government, for the many services which it has rendered in our behalf, to shield us from harm, and to procure us so many blessings. This comparison, gentlemen, which it seems impossible not to make, holds out to us also, a very useful lesson, not lightly to part with the real advantages we enjoy in this country, but in many cases of contented good. Could the thousand of the atrocities that have been committed in and the miseries that have been brought upon unhappy France been presented to that people beforehand, they would have turned from them with horror, and exchanged their voices of complaint for voices of thanksgiving. The Lord, it is true, gentlemen, that many parts of our country have this last season been severely afflicted with sickness; but this far from being a ground for murmuring and discontent, should lead us to examine ourselves—to the correction of our vices, which may have brought that evil upon us, and to the reformation of manners. I submit to you, gentlemen, whether it would not be proper by law to set apart a day for a public and solemn acknowledgment to God for the numberless benefits we have received; to supplicate the continuance of them, to deplore His wrath for the multitude of our transgressions, and to implore His grace to assist us to amend our lives.

A committee from the honorable House of Representatives waited on the Governor and presented the following answer to his communication, delivered to both Houses of the Legislature the 26th ult: (M. T. official proceedings of the House of Representatives.)

REPLY OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

CHILICOTHE, Dec. 4, 1801.—SIR: In contrasting our situation with many countries in the old world, we have great reason to thank the Supreme Being, the author and giver of all good, for the many services which the Second General Assembly of the Territory for the blessings of peace and plenty which attends this happy country; nor can we withhold our gratitude from the General Government of our country for their anxious care to preserve us from all the calamities which have been experienced by those unhappy countries involved in war.

In his reply to this, Gov. St. Clair says:

In his reply to this, Gov. St. Clair says:

Without acknowledgments to God are at all times the duty of dependent creatures; but highly favored as we have been in this happy country they are our duty in a very particular manner.

St. Clair was born in Castle Thurso, Caithness, Scotland, of "the lordly line of High St. Clair" (song of Harold in "Lay of the Last Minstrel" canto 6th).

Noble by nature, as well as by birth, the sacrifices he made for his adopted country and the benefits he conferred were numberless, yet none redound more to his honor than this gentle reminder of our duty to the great giver of all good, and it has established a national custom which to all the world proclaims us a Christian nation, and in every city, town and hamlet in these United States men shall for one working day cease from their labors for man and raise their hearts to God.

Far more precious and enduring than the riches of this world, is the heritage he has left his children; "they shall rise up and call him blessed."

A great granddaughter of Gen. Arthur St. Clair, KATE VANCE GREENLEAF.

LAY SERMONS.

How infinitely might the happiness of the human race be augmented if its untold millions would but heed the injunction of inspired writ: "Rejoice in the Lord always, again I say unto you rejoice."

But how is it possible to do this "always?" Care, anxiety, burdens of sorrow and of disappointment are the universal lot of man everywhere. Sickness and disaster are ours. Wealth slips from us; death takes our loved ones and often our "house is left unto us desolate" and it is not in human nature to "rejoice" under such circumstances.

Ah, you have it there. It is not in this poor, weak human nature of ours to rejoice until it is first strengthened and purified by that divine uplifting which brings us into sympathy with the divine will and opens our hearts to an unquestioning trust in God's goodness, and faith in the wisdom of all His dealings with us.

But if we regard God as our Father, loving, infinite, all-wise and gracious, able and willing always to do what is best for us, can we not rejoice, even in the midst of affliction, that we are in His hand, and that He orders all our ways? With submission to His will comes peace. We say all these ways of our Father seem dark and mysterious to us now, but some time He will make it all plain to us. What is our love to Him worth if we cannot trust Him in the darkness as well as the light; if we can only say, "we are thine so long as thou dost give us all we desire and cover us with prosperity?" The divinest road to heaven lies through suffering. The most royal road to noble character, to grand achievement, is the road which has been washed by tears, and brightened by human conquest over temptation and doubt, and which is walled in by faith and purified by suffering.

What should we know of our weakness if we were never tempted? How would our trust grow strong if our way were never through the darkness? What would kindle our desire for the undying life beyond if here there were nothing to mar human pleasure or interrupt its joy?

We are so in love with the flesh that our spiritual aspirations would all slumber if we were not sometimes reminded of the unsatisfying nature of earthly things. We should be contented with the hucks of this life, forgetful of the fact that in our "Father's house there is bread enough and to spare," were we not perishing with hunger.

When tossings upon a bed of suffering and pain, how like a message of gladness to the Christian's heart comes the melody of the promise: "Neither shall there be any more pain"; and to him whose heart is broken with sorrow and whose eyes are heavy with tears, comes like the voice of music, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."

How beautiful and fair to him who has been stricken with sorrow and who has suffered with sickness stands this bright vision of the future. Believing in God, he can rejoice in Him for the great hope he has given him of eternal life into which the life of this life shall not enter. No more sorrow; no more pain; no more temptation; no more sin; his soul stands in the gladness of rejoicing and rises into the calm atmosphere of faith and trust. With Job he cries aloud of his God: "Yea, though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him. Heaven seems very near, and earth's eight afflictions, which are but for a moment, he feels sure 'will work for him a far more enduring and eternal weight of glory.'" Underneath him are the everlasting arms and nothing can crush him, for He that is with him is mightier than all those who are against him.

With self conquered man's greatest enemy is mastered. When self is dethroned and God is enthroned then comes the victory; then we exclaim: "It is sweet to lie passive in His hand. And know no will but His."

Do not the majority of earthly trials arise from causes working in active opposition to our own wills? But if we can put these human wills of ours in submission to the divine will—that universal, controlling and guiding force of the universe—then when trials come upon us shall we not be ready to say: "It is the Lord, let Him do whatsoever seemeth Him good."

With this feeling of submissiveness trust, that we may experience natural sorrow, but with sorrow will never come despair. The cold chill of doubt and despair will never seize us and we shall always be able to rejoice that

"Behind a frowning Providence God hides a smiling face."

And how like the brightness of ten thousand suns will the glory of that face burst upon us when all the mysteries of His providence are made plain in that eternal day when we shall "see His face to face."

Then shall we rejoice in all the way through which He has led us. How like smiling Pisgahs will look our moments of sorrow! How like the garden of God the valley of our humiliation! The sight that we have uttered will be changed to melody, and our mourning turned to gladness. We shall sing of the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously.

"His ways are not as our ways; high as the heavens are above the earth, so are His thoughts above our thoughts."

"He saw the end from the beginning," we shall exclaim, "and so he ploughed our path with affliction that it might spring up a harvest of good works and the blossoms of hope and faith. We rejoice for the hill difficulty that lay in our path, for the temptations that were given us to overcome, for out of them have come our spiritual life and strength; we are thankful that we have been permitted to be soldiers, fighting soldiers of the King, and to Him that hath redeemed us and made us conquerors and more than conquerors, be glory, and honor and dominion forever."

Thus, with crown of rejoicing upon their heads, with hearts attuned to praise, shall the ransomed of the Lord sing when all the mysteries of His providence are made clear, and faith is lost in sight. But until then, "I say unto you rejoice, rejoice in the Lord always."

St. Clair was born in Castle Thurso, Caithness, Scotland, of "the lordly line of High St. Clair" (song of Harold in "Lay of the Last Minstrel" canto 6th).

Noble by nature, as well as by birth, the sacrifices he made for his adopted country and the benefits he conferred were numberless, yet none redound more to his honor than this gentle reminder of our duty to the great giver of all good, and it has established a national custom which to all the world proclaims us a Christian nation, and in every city, town and hamlet in these United States men shall for one working day cease from their labors for man and raise their hearts to God.

Far more precious and enduring than the riches of this world, is the heritage he has left his children; "they shall rise up and call him blessed."

A great granddaughter of Gen. Arthur St. Clair, KATE VANCE GREENLEAF.

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The only combination bed that a lady can operate with ease; that will not wear out carpets; that leaves the Cabinet and Mirror in front when the bed is down. An invitation extended to all to see this bed.



Also agent for the Imperial and Mantel Folding Beds. I have the largest stock of Carpets in the city the nicest selected stock of Furniture, and at the lowest prices. Our Shade and Curtain Department is complete. If you want to save money, get our prices before purchasing. In some of our lines we can give you very extra inducements to close patterns. Freight paid on all country orders.

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Special Announcement!

H. O. HAINES,

Successor to the
J. W. Calkins Carriage Co.,
332 N. Los Angeles, Los Angeles, Cal.
Has just received a very large stock of Fine Buggies, Phaetons, Carriages, also a large assortment of medium-priced goods, positively the best in the market for the price asked. Full stock of all celebrated Flint Business Wagons, suitable for every practicable use. Bain Farm Wagons.

A fine assorted stock
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Ask your physician and druggist
for his opinion of the EAGLE BRAND
as a FOOD FOR INFANTS IT HAS NO EQUAL

JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO. Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,
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The death of William Jermyn Florence, at Philadelphia on the 19th inst., of pneumonia, is a loss to the American stage that will not be easily forgotten, and the suddenness of his taking off points another lesson upon the mutability of human affairs which is so frequently taught by such examples and so easily disregarded by the survivors. Florence played his part upon the stage up to Saturday night, the 14th inst., and after the performance that evening he gave a supper at his hotel to Mr. and Mrs. Kendall. Immediately succeeding this festive occasion he was stricken down with sickness and found to be suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, which affected both lungs. He passed away quietly last Thursday evening, uttering no word of farewell to those around him, and separated by thousands of miles from his wife, who had shared in his triumphs for so many years, and who is now on her way to this country to perform the sad duties that devolve upon her in her trying position.

Florence was born in Albany, N. Y., July 26, 1831. His original family name was Contan, but after adopting the stage name of Florence and achieving success under it, he had the new cognomen legalized under an act of the Legislature. His first experience at self help was in the art preservative, and while learning his trade as a printer he devoted himself to an amateur dramatic society, from which he graduated to the professional stage in the character of "Peter" in *The Stranger* at the Richmond Theater, Virginia, December 6, 1849, just forty-two years ago. In the spring of the following year he became a member of the company at Niblo's Garden, and made his first regular appearance as a professional actor in New York, May 13, 1850. In this house he was associated during the season with Mary Taylor, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. John Sefton, Fanny Wallack, Charlotte Cushman, Brown, Brougham and Placide.

He made his first decided hit at the Lyceum (afterwards Wallack's theater) and the Broadway theater on April 22, 1851, in the *Flight of the Lyccean*, where he appeared as a red-shirted fire ladie of that period, sauced up with tilted tyle, a pure specimen of the now obsolete "boy." His success in this part encouraged the adoption of the eccentric comedy and sensational parts which he afterwards made his forte. During the season following he played "Lord Tinsel" in *The Hunchback*, and later supported Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. Barnewill Williams and Mrs. Mowatt. On January 1, 1853, he married Mrs. Littell, born Malvina Pray, an union that brought him lasting happiness, and was only broken by his recent decease.

In company with his wife as a double star they made their great success as the Irish boy and Yankee girl, and made an extensive tour of the United States with this specialty. In 1856 they went to England and first appeared at Drury Lane Theater when Mrs. Florence as a specimen of American help in the *Yankee Housekeeper*, a w figure in a serious part was his "Bob Brierly" in *Ticket of Leave* man produced originally in America at the Winter Garden, New York, November 30, 1853. Mrs. Florence playing "Emily St. Evermond" the drama created a sensation almost with it parallel in the United States, and ran for 125 nights in New York, and for thousands of nights elsewhere throughout the country. In 1857 Florence produced *Cast* for the first time in America. His "George D'Alroy" was spoken of as the ideal, honest, modest, manly, soldier, while Mrs. Florence delighted the people with her portraiture of the plebeian "Polly Eccles." *Cast* was followed in 1858 at the same house by *No Thoroughfare*, in which Florence introduced "Obenreizer" to the American stage, in his hands a very clever piece of character acting.

In 1857 the actor made his new departure in the assumption of a fresh, original type of character which he created in "Bardwell Slove" in the *Mighty Dollar*, a character that in the opinion of the best critics is destined to walk down to posterity arm in arm with Rip Winkle, Solon Shingle, Davy Crockett and Col. Sellers, the typical stage American of the nineteenth century—Mr. Florence's most enduring character by a large majority. As Laurence Hutton says: "Judge Bardwell Slove" is a politician of the worst stamp, with many amiable and commendable qualities. He is vulgar to an almost impossible degree, personally offensive and yet entirely delightful to meet—on the stage, where Mr. Florence kept him for many hundreds of successive nights. If he never existed in real life—and it is to be hoped for the sake of our national credit that he did not—Mr. Florence made him not only possible but probable."

Florence was seen in many characters and was associated with—supporting or supported by—some of the most prominent members of his profession on both sides of the Atlantic. His name has appeared in bills by the side of Barrett, McCullough, Raymond Burton, Brougham and Tools. He has played "Captain Cuttle" to the "Mr. Dobney" of Henry Irving, "Richmond" and "Laertes" with the elder Booth, "Titus" and "Lucullus" with Edwin Forrest and in 1857 at the Academy of Music, New York, for the benefit of Edwin Adams he played "Iago" to the "Othello" of E. A. Southern, the "Desdemona" of Lotta and the "Emilia" of Mrs. John Drew.

Liked by all with whom he was brought in contact, a public favorite and a social lion, a manly, genial, warm-hearted man, his loss is a severe one to his large circle of friends and his departure leaves a gap in the ranks of the leaders of his profession that may not soon be filled.

Mr. Florence's only appearances in Los Angeles were in the week beginning the 6th of December, 1856, when he played at the Grand Opera house in *The Mighty Dollar*, *Our Governor*, *Dobney and Son*, and *The Ticket of Leave*.

At the conclusion of the Columbia Opera Company's engagement McKee, Rankin will open at the Los Angeles Theatre under Mr. Wyatt's management in *The Canuck*, in which he plays the part of "Jean Baptiste Cadeaux,"

a French-Canadian farmer, a character that gives plenty of scope for dialect, humor and pathos. Phyllis Rankin plays the principal rôle and has created a good impression by her talent and beauty. She is Mr. Rankin's eldest daughter, and is just entering upon a stage career.

The renovation of the Grand Opera house is being rapidly pushed forward, and it is expected that everything will be in readiness for the opening night of Mr. Potter of Texas, which will be the 7th of December.

A dramatic recital, consisting principally of scenes from Sheridan Knowles' play, *The Hunchback*, will be given at the Ludlam School hall on Friday evening next. The characters of "Helen" and "Modus" will be assumed by Mrs. Ludlam and Mr. Ludlam respectively. Their well-known talent will attract a large attendance.

At the San Francisco theaters, during the week commencing Monday, November 23—"Skipped by the Light of the Moon," *My Poster of Texas*; and *The Fair Robot*. The Tivoli Opera Company in *The Musketeers*, the Voices Company in *A Game of Cards*, *The Circus Rider*, *The Rose Diamond*, *The Old Musician*, and *A Double Lesson*.

The San Francisco Music and Drama has a pertinent word to say on the practice of "doubling" in theatrical performances that is worth quoting. It says: "The Alcazar management now give the minor members of their company who 'double' the credit of doing so in the house programme. A few years ago a manager would never have dreamt of such a proceeding; he would have inserted in the cast a fictitious name opposite one character with the object of inducing the audience to believe that his company was of great number, a device which was too transparent to deceive any regular play-goer. It also had an unsatisfactory effect upon the performance, as the actor devoted all his efforts to the part with which he was credited and slurred the other. This encouragement to the younger members of the company has put them on their mettle and brought forth better work.

Pacific Loan Co's.
Great \$40,000 Silver Sale
at
215 South Broadway (Potomac Block)
We respectfully invite

a careful examination and inspection
of the
Quality, Style and Prices.
Open for Examination and Inspection
Tuesday, Nov. 24.
Music by the Imperial Band.
Sale commences
Wednesday, Nov. 25th.

DR. HENLEY's Celery, Beef and Iron
cure more cases of weakness than any
known tonic.

DELICIOUS SOUPS—From "Rex" Extract of Beef.

Dolls, Dolls.

In grand profusion. All styles and all
sizes, qualities and prices. Dolls' heads, etc., at the New York Bazaar, 148 North Spring street.

PEPPERNUSSE and Lebkuchen at
Jevne's, 136 and 138 N. Spring.

New York Millinery.

Our millinery department is now full of
New York's latest styles in that line.
Come and put on the latest in trade, cheap
medium. It is surprising to see how
cheap such fine goods can be sold when
carefully handled; strictly one price.
All orders promptly attended to. New York
Bazaar, 148 North Spring street.

TRY DR. HENLEY's Celery, Beef and Iron
and you will get well and fat.

IT TICKLES THE palate—Beef tea from
"Rex" Extract of Beef.

IF YOU want Orange, Olive, Lemon, or
other fruit lands, on long time, read adv.
of W. P. McIntosh.

LEGAL.

Notice to Contractors
For Furniture.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT
sealed proposals will be received by the
board of supervisors of Los Angeles county,
California, on the 1st day of November, 1891,
at the 15th hour of December 1, 1891, for the
furniture and furnishing required for the
following rooms now in course of completion,
in the upper story of the court house,
Court house. One court room with
chambers, a jury, witness and reporters'
room thereto, district attorney's office,
offices of the county superintendent
and county board of education, with
library thereto.

Said furniture to be ready for, and deliv-
ered, and said work to be done to be
done in the said rooms and offices, which
will be in about 60 days.

All of the same to be according to the
plans, specifications and drawings therefor
of the said rooms, and other parts, copies
of which, as proposed to be furnished,
must be delivered to the clerk of said board
with such proposals.

Each bid to be accompanied by a certified
check for \$50.

The board reserves the right to reject
any or all bids, and also to accept or reject
any or all bids.

By order of the board of supervisors of
Los Angeles county, California.

T. H. WARD,
County Clerk and ex-officio Clerk of the
Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles
county, Cal.

By HENRY S. KNAPP, Deputy Clerk.

Notice to Contractors.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF THE
board of supervisors of San Bernardino
county, State of California, made on the 7th
day of October, 1891, it is hereby given
that sealed bids will be received by said
board to be filed with the clerk thereof,
up to 12 o'clock, on Wednesday, December
1, 1891, for the erection on an addition to
the court house, of rooms for the
law library and for the erection of a
foundation and first story of the extension
to the court house toward the rear
according to the plans and specifications
therefor which were adopted by the board
on September 29, 1891. Plans and specifications
of the said addition to be filed with the
board of supervisors of San Bernardino
county, State of California, on the 1st day of
November, 1891.

Each bid to be accompanied by a certified
check for \$50.

The board reserves the right to reject
any or all bids, and also to accept or reject
any or all bids.

By order of the board of supervisors of
Los Angeles county, California.

T. H. WARD,
County Clerk and ex-officio Clerk of the
Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles
county, Cal.

By F. L. BALDWIN, Deputy.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF RICHARD BROMBY, DE-
ceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned
administrator of the estate of Richard
Bromby, deceased, to the creditors of
and all persons having claims
against the said deceased, to exhibit
the same with the necessary evidence
within four months after the first publication
of this notice to the said administrator
of the estate of said deceased, at the
office of Chapman, Cook & Co., 40 and
41, Baker Block, in Los Angeles,
California, that being the place for the
transaction of business of said estate in
the county of Los Angeles.

Dated this 1st day of October, A. D. 1891.

WALTER G. BROMBY,
Administrator of the estate of Richard
Bromby, deceased.

GEORGE BRADBEER,
Assignee.

At the conclusion of the Columbia
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BUSINESS.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TIMES,
LOS ANGELES, NOV. 21, 1891.

The local market for this season's dried fruit shows little improvement, so far as prices are concerned, and the movement continues very light. Reports from the Eastern markets though, somewhat conflicting at times, seem to indicate that the prospect for an active demand and better prices is growing brighter as the season advances. A dispatch from New York says: "California raisins in bags continue in good demand and receipts are promptly taken, with a range of 52¢ to 62¢. California currants are actively taken, and the demand is keeping full abreast of the receipts."

There were no changes in the market for country produce today. Dairy products continue firm. Eggs are scarce and firm, both for Eastern and fresh ranch.

Money, Stocks and Bonds.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—MONEY—On call, easy; closing offered at 3 per cent.

PRIME MERCHANT PAPER—50¢ 6½%.

STANLEY EXCHANGE—Steady—60-day bills, 4.80%; demand, 4.83%.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—The stock market opened strong with the Grangers and some of the Villards making sharp advances. It closed active and strong at the highest figures of the day, with general gains of one-half of 1 to 1 per cent.

Government bond steady.

New York Stocks and Bonds.

In the quotations below, where two sets of figures appear, thus: "Central Pacific, 34—34½," the first figures refer to the noon quotations, and the last to the closing quotations.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.

Atch's'n..... 13% Or. Nav..... 27 Am. C. Oil..... 23% C. & T. Co..... 23% Cen. Pac..... 37% Cen. Pac..... 31% C. & T. Co..... 101% Del. & L. C. 43% D. & R. G. 40% D. & H. G. 43% Erie & T. 10% F. & T. 10% Lake Shore..... 124% Louis. & N. 78 Mich. Cen. 107% Mo. Pac. 60% N. Pac. 25%—26% N. P. P. 70%—71% N. W. 117% N. W. 115% N. Y. C. 11% North Am. 17% Or. Imp. 21% New York Mining Stocks.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.

Adams Con. 1.85 Mexican. 2.35 Best & Bel. 2.35 Ontario. 38.00 Con. & Va. 4.50 Ophir. 3.25 Deadwood. 1.85 Plymouth. 2.25 Eureka Con. 2.00 Goldfield. 2.30 H. & N. 1.35 Homestake. 10.50 Yellow Jack. 1.35 Horn Silver. 3.65 Alice. 1.30 Iron Silver. 1.40

San Francisco Mining Stocks.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 21. Provisions.

HAMS—Rex, 12½c; Lily, 12½c; Bacon, 13½c; Pecker, 13½c; heavy 9½c; medium 11½c.

DRIED BEEF HAMS—10½13½c.

SALT PORK—10½11c; brail.

LARD—Refined, 3s; 4½c; 5s; 5½c; 10s; 8½c; 50s; 75c; Special brand, Pure Leaf, 2½c higher all round.

Dairy Products.

BUTTER—Cultured, 97½%@70c; choice, 92½@65c; fair, 52½@55c; eastern, 30½@32c per pound.

CHEESE—Eastern, 14@14½c; California, large, 9½@12½c; No. 2 red winter, 8s 8½d; firm, 8s 8½d.

POULTRY—No. 2 red winter, 8s 8½d; firm, 8s 8½d.

EGGS—Fresh ranch, 37@40c; eastern, 30½@32c per pound.

Honey and Beeswax.

HONEY—Extracted, amber, 6@6½c; comb, new, 14@16c.

BEESEWAX—20@26c.

Produce.

POTATOES—Ordinary, 45@65c; fancy, 92½@65c; fair, 52½@55c; eastern, 30½@32c per pound.

POULTRY—No. 2 red winter, 8s 8½d; firm, 8s 8½d.

CORN—Quoted steady; cash, 57%; December, 48%; May, 43%.

OATS—Quoted steady; cash, 33%; December, 32; May, 33%.

RYE—Quoted firm, 93%.

BARLEY—Quoted quiet, 58@60.

PELLET SEED—Firm, 4½@5½c.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 21.—WEAT—Holders offering, 11½@12½c; No. 2 red winter, 8s 8½d; firm, 8s 8½d.

CORN—Holders offer moderately; spot and November, 8s 6d; firm; December, 6s 3½d; firm; January, 8s 4½d; firm.

Pork.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—MESS PORK—Easy; cash, 8.50%; December, 8.45%; January, 11.27%.

Lard.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—WHEAT—Quoted easy; cash, December, 6.90%; January, 6.30%.

Dry Salted Meats.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—DRY SALTED MEATS—Shoulders quoted, 5.00@5.12½c; short clear, 6.10@6.15c; short ribs, 5.75@6.25.

Whisky.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—WHISKY—Quoted 1.18.

Petroleum.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—PETROLEUM—Closed, 57%.

New York Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—COFFEE—Options closed barely steady; unchanged to 40 points down. The sales were 45,500 bags; November 13, 12,250 bags; December 11, 15,000 bags; Nov. 18, 11,800 bags; Spokane, easy; Nov. 7, 13.75.

SUGAR—Raw firm; Muscovado, 80 test, 3.32; do 89 test, 3%; Refined, firm; good demand.

Wool—Steady; domestic, 30@36.

HOPS—Firm.

COFFEE—Steady; Lake, November, 11.15.

LARD—Closed a shade easier; domestic, 4.30.

TIN—Firm; Straits, 20.10.

Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—CATTLE—The receipts were 3000; the market was slow. Today's sales, natives, 2.65@4.30; Texans, 2.45; Westerns, 2.75.

HOGS—The receipts were 20,000; the market was fairly active; opened steady, closed lower; round, 3.60@3.65; 3.70@3.75; hams and mixed, 3.75@3.85; prime heavy and butchers' weights, 3.90@3.95; pigs and light, 2.90@3.40.

Sheep—The receipts were 10,000, the market was dull; ewes, 1.75@2.75; mixed ewes and lambs, 4.20@4.50; wethers, 4.00@4.50; Westerns, 3.90.

San Francisco Markets.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 21.—[Special to THE TIMES.] The produce markets were quiet this morning. Prices were firm, but unchanged. Wheat is strong with a fair demand for good and choice grades. Offerings were moderate. Barley is firm with a good demand for choice feed. Oats and corn are firm with moderate trading.

The fresh fruit market is getting well thinned out except grapes and apples. Receipts of berries getting more limited than ever. Oranges are becoming plentiful.

The vegetable market is quiet, with prices steady. Potatoes are doing a little better but receipts continue heavy. Onions are steady at quotations under good demand.

The market for dairy produce is firm for choice grades of butter and eggs.

Produce.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20.—WHEAT—Firm; buyer, season, 1.92; buyer, for year, 1.87½.

BARLEY—Firm; buyer, season, 1.20%; buyer, year, 1.14½%; seller, year, 1.14.

CORN—1.60.

Fruits.

HUCKLEBERRIES—10@12c per pound.

CRAB APPLES—7.50@1.25 per box, 10@1.50.

GRAPE—15@40c for Muscat; 20@50c for black; 15@35c for Sweetwater; 25@50c for Tokay; 50@75c for Isabella; 25@30c for Verdelins. Wine grapes, 10.00@14.00 per ton.

PEARS—1.00 per box.

PRIMROSES—1.00 per box.

POMEGRANATES—1.25@1.50 per box.

PLUMES—25@50c per box.

RAISINS—18.00 per chest.

GREEN PEARS—35@75c per box for common.

STRAWBERRIES—11.00@13.00 per chest for Shrub; 12.00@14.00 for Longwort.

Lime—Mexican, 4.00@4.50 per box; California, 7.50@9.00.

LEMONS—Sicily, 7.50@9.00; California, 1.50@4.50 for common to choice.

ORANGES—California, 1.50 per small box; Japanese, 1.00@1.25 per box; Mexican, 2.50 per case.

LIMES—1.50@2.50 per box.

PINEAPPLES—4.00@5.00 per dozen.

CHERRIES—Cape Cod, 8.50@9.50 per bbl; Cultivated Pacific, 9.00@10.00 per bbl.

Dried Fruits.

APRICOTS—Bleached, 50@7c per pound; sun-dried, 2@4c.

PEACHES—Unpeeled, in boxes, 6@7c; sliced, 3½@4c per quartered, 2½@3½c.

PEARS—7@8c for evaporated; 3@5c for sliced and 2½@3½c for quartered.

FIGS—4@4½c per pressed and 9@3½c per unpressed.

PRUNES—4½@7c per pound; German, 4@5c.

PLUMES—Pitted, 4½@4½c; unpitted, 2@3c.

PEACHES—Bleached, 4½@5½c; peeled, 6@7c for evaporated, 11@13c; sun-dried, 3½@4½c per pound.

NECTARINES—5@6c for white, and 3@4½c for red.

RAISINS—Layers, fancy, 1.40@1.50 per box; good to choice, 1.25@1.37½c; fair, 1.00@1.20, with the usual advance for fractional sizes. Medium, 95@1.10 per box.

SALINAS—Sweet, 95@1.25 per cental.

GRENADINES—50@75c per box.

VEGETABLES.

POZATORES—Garnet Chiles, 50@60; Earliest, 30@40c; Peerless, 40@50c; Bur-banks, 35@45c for River, and 80@100 for Salinas; Sweet, 95@1.25 per cental.

GRENADINES—50@75c per box.

GRENADINE CORN—50@75c per box.

GREEN PEPPERS—45@50c per box.

GARLIC—3½@4½c for pressed and 9@3½c for unpressed.

GINGER PEAS—2½@3½c per pound.

GINGER PEAS—1.00@1.05 per pound.

GINGER PLANT—75@90c per box.

GOLDEN BEET—25@30c per box.

EGYPTIAN SPLENDORS.

Palaces, Statues, Mosques, Pyramids and Schools.

The Beautiful Turkish Women of the Khedive's Harem.

The Tombs of the Sacred Bovines at Sakara.

Irrigation by Means of Buffalo Cow Motive Power—The Virtuous Arabs—Alabaster Fountains, Etc.

CAIRO (Egypt), Oct. 26, 1891.—[Special correspondence of THE TIMES.] Ghezira Palace, the finest palace that was ever built in Cairo, is situated near the city, or rather across the Nile. It stands right on the edge of the river, in fact one of the verandas extends out over it. I went all through this beautifully furnished building, and a rare treat it was. The floors are of marble, and there is a marble stairway in the palace that is a marvel of beauty and workmanship. This stairway is fifteen feet broad, the steps being polished to a nicely. The side walls are also of marble and beautifully inlaid with red and black granite work. The furniture in this palace is all modern work, and it is as fine as money can buy. Most of it was made in Paris. The walls of the different rooms are covered

dozen or more who had collected around him. In fact one is more and more convinced that these people are now just as they were 4000 years ago, with their primitive methods. For instance, when they wish to do a little irrigating of crops they fasten two buckets on poles, like you have all seen in old country farmhouse wells, and there two Arabs stand all day dipping up water and pouring it in the ditch. I send you a cut showing this method of irrigating from a well. You will notice that the cow is a buffalo cow and serves the double purpose of giving milk to drink and working the oriental irrigating machine.

The cows are blindfolded so that they will not grow dizzy in walking round and round. I have been somewhat amused at the Arabs, sometimes, when they happen to have a fresh cow. They will drive her along the principal thoroughfares of the city, calling out, in the Arabic tongue: "Fresh new milk!" When any one wants a drink they stop the cow, milk a glass full, and hand it, without any straining, to drink. It is a rare thing to see any other than the buffalo cow, and their milk is strong and not of a pleasant taste. They are all of a dark lead color, and their horns grow straight back from the heads along their necks, giving them the appearance of a "mooley cow."

Sakara is a very interesting place to all travelers in Egypt. It is about thirty miles from Cairo, and contains three pyramids, the most interesting of which is the step pyramid, so called because the doorsteps of the pyramid on the outside can be entered, but is not interesting inside. This is the only pyramid, except the great pyramid, that has been entered. If you ask why, I will say that it is an endless job trying to get

out in the hot sun. They are not dangerous, only at night time, when a mob of them will sometimes attack you. They look for all the world like a plain, common, everyday dog.

It was on my way, too, that I saw my first mirage. Although I had often thought of this illusion, I was completely taken in. I looked out ahead of me and stood dumbfounded at seeing what was apparently a beautiful lake

AN HOUR.
(From a photograph.)

of clear blue water only a short distance ahead of me. I could not believe for a long while that it was only an optical illusion, but of course, as I advanced, the water seemed always the same distance ahead, and finally disappeared, leaving the burning sands in plain view. What a torture it must be to the poor thirsty travelers of the desert!

CLAUDE PAYNE.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Lieut. Meyer to Talk About San Pedro Harbor—Notes.

A letter was received yesterday at the Chamber of Commerce from Lieut. J. J. Meyer, superintendent of engineers, U.S.A., at San Pedro, in response to an invitation to be present at a meeting of the chamber and address the members on the subject of the harbor facilities offered by San Pedro. He consented to do so at any date fixed upon, and further expressed himself as follows:

I most certainly agree with Mayor Haskell in his idea that the people of the community are divided in sentiment and opinion as to what would be best and what is needed for further improvement of the harbor, and would most willingly do all in my power to assist in determining a definite position and stand to be taken by the people and their representatives at Washington in asking for further appropriations.

NOTES.

E. T. Graves sent in a family of sweet potatoes yesterday from his ranch five miles southeast of the city. Their combined weight was forty-eight pounds, and the longest one measured three feet.

"What are those — sausages?" queried a lady yesterday, fixing her gaze on the pair of gourds, fifty-two inches long, which decorate one of the tables. Each one contains a stone sarcophagus, which formerly contained the mummies of from one to twenty-four bulls. Each sarcophagus is cut out of

one of these granite tombs, as they are all hermetically sealed, and no trace left outside to show where the opening is.

At Sakara are also the tombs of the sun, which are as interesting as anything in all Egypt. These tombs are all cut out of solid rock underground, and the passages, if put into one straight line, would be somewhere near a mile in extent. Along the side of these underground passages are the tombs. Each one contains a stone sarcophagus, which formerly contained the mummies of from one to twenty-four bulls. Each sarcophagus is cut out of

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